THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

With eager hand Hope deftly weaves
The mantles that our pride would don,
While busy-fingur'd Care unreaves
The garments as we put them on.
We rear our palaces of joy,
And tread them with exulting shout,
Till, crumbling round, 'tis plainly found
Some corner-stones have been left out.
And thus we play the game of life,
Shadow and substance ever blending:
'Mid flowers of Peace and tares of Strife
Gaily beginning, sadly ending.

The oozing infant's rosy mouth
Aptly receives the sweeten'd potion;
When waves are calm, and winds are south,
None see the death-rocks in the ocean.
The rich man toils to "gather up,"
Meaning to bask in Fortune's clover,
And while he pours into his cup,
Perceives not it is running over.
And thus we play the game of Life,
Now simply snared, now wisely brooding,
Now bribed by smiles, now spreading wiles,
Living deluded and deluding.

Our feet of clay trip up each other,
Our wings of ether seek the sky;
We breathe—we are—child follows mother,
Yet none can tell us "How?" or "Why?"
Our hearts, like clocks, keep ticking fast,
We climb and laugh, we fall and weep,
Till, tired of guessing, at the last
We solve the riddle in a sleep.
And thus we play the game of Life,
In motley garbs of Grief and Pleasure,
Till we are drest in that green vest
For which the sexton takes our measure.

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

A sharp pang wrung his heart. Here she sat, in the deserted conservatory, with a man in a courtier's dress by her side.

CHAPTER IV.

LOVE EN MASQUE.

Mrs. Graham's rooms were all aglow with light and athood with melody. Grand, triumphant marches clashed upon the scented air, to be followed by frenzied galops, and the soft, subtle sweetness of the waltz.

It was a gay, bright, beautiful scene those handsome saloons presented, and the sheen of silk and the brighter flash of jewels seemed in perfect keeping with the hilarious crowd that thronged every nook and corner.

Nobody knew better than Mrs. Graham how to get up anything of the sort. She was one of the fastest, brightest, cleverest women in New York, and so her parties, reunions, and "at homes" were always successes. Why should they not be, when she had an unlimited supply of money, a palace for a residence, and the not very usual tact of gathering just the right sort of people at the proper time and places?

Moreover she always had some charming surprise for her guests—some titled foreigners (titles are *very* charming to some people), a rising statesman, a popular author, a favorite singer—and when all these resources failed her, as fail they sometimes must, it was some miracle of art or fancy with which to decorate her rooms or her splendidly appointed tables that burst unexpectedly upon the dazzled vision of her guests.

On the occasion of this particular *fete*, the surprise she had in store for her five hundred friends was a young authoress, known to the world only under her *nom de plume* of "Similia"—a rising star that had flashed suddenly into celebrity and popular favor in the short space of six months.

The mirth and revelry were not yet at their height, when two masked figures stole in at the vestibule and crossed the brilliantly-lighted hall.

"Titania and Undine, upon my word," commented a clear, mocking voice from a crowd of maskers near the drawing-room door. "Two very cleverly conceived costumes. Titania has not forgotten her gossamer draperies, her glittering spangles, or silver wand. Beautiful queen, my knee shall be the first to bow in homage!

"And Undine! Green and gold, water lilies, and strings of coral from unseen ocean caves! Really, fair spirit of the briny deep, you seem a worthy representative of that old-time myth!"

Janet Conway, the Undine in question, glanced in a half-frightened way toward the crowd of maskers,, and clung still more closely to Titania's arm.

"Who is it, Rose?" she whispered.

"Some insolent." And Titania tossed her queenly head. "Don't mind him. He is only taking advantage of the license that prevails at such a place."

"I don't like it. Let us hurry on."

They glided past the little knot gathered about the drawing-room door, and were entering the brilliantly-lighted saloon, when a folded scrap of paper was thrust into Rose's disengaged hand.

She had recognized that mocking voice, though she pretended not to have done so, and the smuggled note—for, of course, that scrap of paper could be nothing else—did not surprise her very much.

"Wait a moment," she whispered, lingering near the door. "I must fasten this bit of lace."

She drew quickly to one side, with her back to Janet, and, glancing at the scrap of paper, found this line written upon it in pencil:

"*I shall wait for you in the conservatory.*"

There was no signature; but none was needed. Rose's face flushed hotly underneath her mask.

"Poor Roland!" she murmured. "I will see him. There can be no harm. Surely no one will begrudge us two a moment of stolen happiness."

"Are you ready to go on?" called Janet's sweet voice at this instant.

"Quite ready."

They moved slowly down the long rooms, followed by curious admiring eyes wherever they went. It was not strange, for two more graceful figures could nowhere be seen.

"Do you think Eugene Lennox is here to-night?" said Janet, presently.

"I am not Mr. Lennox's keeper," was the coldly-spoken reply.

"Oh, Rose! But he is your lover!"

"Granted. What then? It is on the books that I shall marry him. But it does not follow, by any means, that I'm to be perpetually bored with his society, or with looking after him."

Janet breathed a sigh. She would have thought Eugene anything but a bore. Things are sometimes dreadfully at sixes and sevens in this world. Here was Rose, beloved by a man for whom she did not care a rush, while poor little Janet was sighing her heart away because this same man had passed her by.

"Let us separate," said Rose, in a half-petulant voice, when they had promenaded the length of the rooms. "We are sure to be recognized if we keep together like this all the evening."

Janet uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"What am I to do, all by myself, if anybody is insulting or makes too free?"

"Humph! Find Uncle Douglas, if you have not the spirit to resent liberties."

"Where is he?"

"I can't tell. He is dressed as a Capuchin monk. I thought you knew."

And Rose, turning abruptly, disappeared in the crowd.

Janet felt half frightened at finding herself alone. She was tempted to seek Mrs. Graham, who stood at the upper end of the room, without a mask, to receive her guests. But she was too proud to expose her fears in that manner.

"If Uncle Douglas would only come!" she sighed, and glanced all around. But there were at least a dozen Capuchin monks in the rooms, and how was she to tell which of these was Major Vaughn?

She stepped into one of the window embrasures, presently, and was sitting there, half concealed by the curtains, watching the bacchanalian scene, when a tall, splendidly-formed Ivanhoe sauntered up to her.

"Tired already, fair Undine?" he said, gallantly.

"Not tired. But I have lost my friends."

"What a strange loss! But I'm sure you need not lament for that. Like Undine of old, you could easily summon new hosts by your siren spells."

Janet drew herself up haughtily.

"I do not comprehend how you can know that, not knowing me."

"But I do know you, Miss Conway."

She started at the sound of her name, and drew slightly away from him.

"Then you have an unfair advantage, Sir Ivanhoe."

"You have no clue to my own identity?"

"Not the slightest."

"Then I will not be so ungallant as to keep you in ignorance."

He unfastened the ribbon that confined his mask, and suffered it to drop upon the floor. Janet saw a handsome, high-bred face, and a pair of hazel eyes that looked into her own with an expression that called the blood to cheek and brow.

"Mr. Lennox," she stammered, thankful that he could not see the tell-tale blush.

"Yes," smiling brightly upon her. "You looked lonely here, and I felt it my duty to speak to you."

Duty! Then that was why he came.

"I do not understand how you penetrated my disguise so readily."

An odd expression flitted over his face, and was gone.

"There are some people," he said, in a soft, low voice, "who could never disguise themselves from me."

"Then you must have recognized Rose?"

"As Titania, the beautiful—yes."

"And have spoken with her?"

"Not yet." A slight flush mounting to his brow.

Janet looked her surprise, but did not speak it. And, just at this point, a tall, superb figure, wearing a white silk domino over some soft, filmy drapery, glided by.

"Who is that superb looking creature?" she exclaimed. "You are so good at penetrating disguises, or I would not ask."

"In her case I can only hazard a guess."

"That would be better than no information."

"I think it is the gifted young authoress, Similia."

Janet clasped her hands in a sort of ecstasy.

"I hope you are right," she said. "I have read her book, and it is delightful. It would be a real pleasure to make her acquaintance. What is her name?"

"I know not. But report says she is young and beautiful. However, we can judge for ourselves when she unmasks at supper."

"If she is not spirited away before that time."

Mr. Lennox laughed, and fell to chatting of something else.

At last he resumed his mask, and moved away. While crossing the saloon, a hand was suddenly laid upon his arm. A friar, "of the order gray," stood before him.

"You seek your sweetheart," said the mask, in a muffled voice.

Eugene Lennox drew back a pace or two, inclined to resent this familiar address.

"Does it concern you whom I seek?" he demanded.

"Not in the least, Sir Ivanhoe. I merely wished to perform the office of a friend. I can tell you where to look for Miss Carrington."

Eugene frowned, but the question escaped him involuntarily:

"Where is she?"

"In the conservatory. Nay, not so fast," for the young man was moving impatiently away. "I have still another word for your ear."

"Out with it, then!" cried Eugene, fiercely.

"Rose Carrington is false to the vows she breathed to you! She loves another, and meets that other secretly, although your betrothed wife."

"It is false!" was the low, hoarse answer.

"Humph! Pass on to the conservatory and you will see for yourself whether I have spoken truly or not."

Eugene waited to hear no more, but glided swiftly through the ante-room that led to the conservatory. The latter was dimly lighted, but the moment he entered, his burning glance fell upon two figures sitting close together in the cool shadows of vines and ferns and blossoming shrubs.

A sharp pang wrung his heart, for there was only one Titania among the guests that night. Here she sat, in the deserted conservatory, with a man in a courtier's dress by her side.

The courtier's mask was off, and Eugene saw a countenance he knew full well—a pale face, with light blue eyes, and thin lips that had the power of looking very cold and cruel, sometimes—that always looked crafty and cunning, whether in repose or wreathed in treacherous smiles.

"Roland Dane!" he muttered, under his breath, taking a quick step toward the pair.

It was arrested by some words dropping like pearls from Rose's dainty lips, they were so softly, sweetly uttered.

"Could I do more than I have done already, to prove that you are not indifferent to me?"

"What have you done?" demanded the courtier, half imperiously.

"Come here to meet you, in response to this note, and thus laid myself liable to be gossiped about, and all that sort of thing."

She fluttered a scrap of paper in one of her pretty, slender hands, as she spoke. In a frenzy of rage and jealousy, Eugene darted forward and clutched eagerly at the note. Rose's keen eye detected the movement, however, and she quickly thrust the bit of paper into the bosom of her dress.

"Insolent!" she cried, rising and confronting Eugene—who was now *en masque*, be it remembered—her blue-black eyes flashing fire. "You have certainly overstepped the license of the place, and deserve to be punished."

"Mine shall be the task of bringing him to account," said Roland Dane, rising also, and regarding the new comer with an insolent smile.

Eugene tore off his mask, revealing a countenance ghastly as death.

"Enough," he said, flinging his glove into Roland's face. "You have but anticipated my own wishes. It shall be your blood or mine, whenever you please."

"Peace, gentlemen," said Rose, now removing her own mask, and stepping quickly between them. "There shall be no quarrel on my account."

Then, turning to Eugene, she added, with her most seductive smile:

"My dear fellow, how foolish you are! Could you not see the difference between jest and earnestness? I was only carrying on a harmless flirtation with Mr. Dane. Such things are going on all around us. It is expected at fancy balls, and nobody thinks any harm of it."

"It is not expected of my promised wife," was the stern response.

"Come, now, don't be angry, Eugene," and she laid one slender hand upon his arm. "Mr. Dane had not seen my face—had not recognized me. So you see he is not in fault. If a wrong has been done, the blame must all rest upon my shoulders, where it belongs."

Roland Dane caught the quick glance of her eye, and said;

"It is true. I was making love to this lady, but it was love *en masque*. I did not expect to be called to account for the folly of the hour. It is really a surprise to learn that my fair *vis-a-vis* is Miss Carrington."

Rose's lip curled a trifle contemptuously to see how ready he was to shield himself. But better so, a thousand times better, she thought, than to have the truth come out.

"You hear, dear Eugene?" she said, putting up her pouting lips for a caress. "What a bear you were going to make of yourself. I felt quite frightened when you sprang upon us so suddenly. I had no idea of your identity in that dress."

This was not the truth, but, poor fellow, how was he to know it? Rose looked so lovely, so irresistible, as she lifted her eyes to his face in a pleading expression that he could not maintain his sternness toward her.

"Take my arm, Rose," said he, haughtily turning his back upon Roland Dane. "We will drop this matter. I wish to take you back to the saloon."

She crept close to his side, and nestling there lovingly, whispered in his ear, as they turned to re-enter the drawing-room:

"That foolish Dane! He played the lover to perfection, and I was not wanting in my part. But oh, Eugene, you will break my heart if you are jealous of him."

He led her away in silence, quite unmoved by this pretty speech. He did not even mention the note, but Rose was sure he thought of it many times that night; sure, too, that he did not fully trust her.

CHAPTER V.

THE WHITE DOMINO.

One of Mrs. Graham's latest arrivals that night, was a tall, *debonair* cavalier, habited in green and gold, who bowed before her, and turned to drop his card into the silver urn by her side.

The pretty woman extended her hand for the bit of pasteboard with a gesture that was slightly imperious.

"I must know who is so indifferent to our attractions as to remain away until this late hour," she said, playfully.

"Your pardon, madam," returned the cavalier, in a courteous voice. "I delayed my coming on the same principle that a child saves his choicest titbit for the last."

"Humph!" Her eyes were on the card now. "Mr. Godfrey Vaughn," she read. "Oh, very well, you are forgiven. But you scarcely deserve the treat I have in store for you."

"What is that?"

"Similia."

"Oh, the young authoress everybody is discussing at the present time. She must be quite new to New York society."

"I have the honor of introducing her."

"It is like you, Mrs. Graham. Women are all hero worshipers. Let a body achieve a little notoriety, and you all run mad after them. But what is this Similia like? Yellow, ugly, and a dreadful bore, like others of the *eau bleu* genus, I suppose?"

He spoke in a weary, listless voice, as if the subject held not the slightest interest for him. Indeed, it was quite aggravating to be expected to pay his devoirs to a woman for whom he did not care a rush—and he was sure he should not care for Similia.

Mrs. Graham's quick ear caught the inflection of his voice, and she angrily resented his indifference.

"Indeed, you are quite mistaken in this instance. Similia is, by all odds, the most charming woman here to-night. I do not even except your cousins, and everybody knows they usually bear away the palm."

"I am surprised," murmured Godfrey, brightening into a slight show of interest. "Your new pet must be quite a *rara avis*. When am I to be introduced?"

"After supper, when everybody lays aside their masks."

"Not sooner?" lifting his shoulders whimsically. "How cruel to keep me upon thorns such an unconscionable while!"

"You are laughing at me, Mr. Vaughn. But you will be sorry for it when you see the lady in question."

"No doubt." His languid glance swept down the long room, and suddenly grew bright as it rested for a moment upon a tall, superb figure in a domino of white silk. "By Jove!" he cried, "do tell me who is yonder masker? I mean the lady all in white. What a magnificent form!"

Mrs. Graham smiled maliciously.

"That is the very person of whom we were speaking," she said, in a tone of ill-concealed triumph. "Her face is even more perfect than her figure, if that were possible."

"It must be ravishing, indeed. My dear Mrs. Graham, as a particular favor, will you not tell me the lady's true name?"

"If you ask it in that way, certainly, though it is not right for me to betray my guests while still *en masque*. But I will make an exception in your favor. Similia is Miss Nora Verlorne."

Godfrey gave a sudden start, and caught at the back of the chair, near which he was standing.

"Nora Verlorne! Impossible!"

Mrs. Graham glanced at him wonderingly.

"Do you know Miss Verlorne?"

"No—n-no!" he stammered.

"Why, then, do you say impossible?"

"Did I? It was a slip of the tongue. I did not mean to say so."

There was not time for another word. Other guests came crowding around the fair hostess at this juncture, and she was compelled to transfer her attention to them.

Godfrey was not sorry. He wanted time to think his own thoughts, just then—and they were scarcely pleasant thoughts, in some respects.

Nora there, as the bright, particular star of the evening! Nora, meeting the bluest blood of the New York aristocracy on terms of equality—graciously accepting the homage they were so ready to bestow upon her wonderful genius! It seemed incredible. He could scarce realise the fact.

When he had known this girl, one little year ago, she had been poor, unknown, neglected. He had felt half ashamed of his own infatuation for her. No wonder that the change bewildered him somewhat.

Drawing back into one of the window embrasures, he stood watching her curiously for some minutes. He saw, with a jealous little pang, how much attention she was exciting. Admiring glances followed every movement of that lithe, beauteous figure. Even with her face hidden from their bold glances, the men seemed to adore the very ground she walked on.

"Idiots!" hissed Godfrey, between his teeth. "To think they deserve a single smile from those lovely lips! *Parbleu!* I'd like to strangle them for daring to seek her favor."

Presently the graceful figure he was watching so attentively vanished through an archway, hung with curtains of lilac silk. Scarcely taking a thought of the consequences, Godfrey turned and followed, through one apartment after another, finding himself at last in a small boudoir, where a single shaded lamp burned upon the table of inlaid wood.

Miss Verlorne was quite alone in the room, and had thrown herself upon one of the silken couches ranged against the walls, with an air of utter weariness.

Godfrey crossed the threshold, walking eagerly toward her, with both hands held out.

"Nora!" he cried, in a loud, eager voice.

She rose up, trembling visibly.

"Who is it?" she demanded. "Who has intruded on my privacy?"

For answer, he tore off his mask, and stood before her, strangely flushed and eager.

"You?" she exclaimed, sharply. "Who has betrayed me?"

"No one," he said. "Did you think to hide yourself from the keen eyes of love."

His arms were still extended, as though fain to draw her into a close embrace. She dropped the mask from her features, and stood looking up at him with a smile of scorn curling her full red lip.

"Pray do not be melo-dramatic, Mr. Vaughn," she said, coldly. "It is quite thrown away upon me, I do assure you."

"In heaven's name, why are you so unjust, so cruel?"

"I do not wish to be one or the other."

"You are both," he cried, hotly. "Have you forgotten that you loved me once?"

She drew back a little, her beautiful eyes flashing over him in a way that made him quail.

"Forgotten? Yes, thank God, I have forgotten; or at least, remember only to wonder at my own folly."

"Impossible. You are not the sort of person to forget easily, Nora. You deceive yourself, but you cannot deceive me. Don't make the attempt."

He took another step toward her, but she shrank away from him in such undisguised loathing that he was fain to desist.

"Come no nearer, Godfrey Vaughn," she exclaimed. "If you do I shall scream for help."

"Oh, Nora!" and his face grew ghastly. "What have I done to deserve such treatment?"

"Shall I go over the story of my wrongs?" Do you really wish to hear it?"

"Yes," was the sullen answer.

"Not quite one little year ago, an innocent, trusting girl was stopping at a lonely inn on the seashore, at a point to which tourists seldom penetrated." She went there as the salaried companion of a feeble, broken-down old woman, who was searching for the lost health that could never be regained.

"Soon a gay, careless man of the world found his way to this out-of-the-way spot. In lieu of something better to fill in the time, he made frantic love to this young girl. Not knowing the treachery of his kind, she believed his ardent protestations. Little by little she yielded up her heart, and promised to be his wife.

"That seems to have been all the trifler wanted. He went away quite abruptly, without a word of adieu, or even a friendly message, leaving this friendless girl to die of heart-ache, or to cast out the unworthy passion that had so nearly been her bane, whichever she had the strength to do. She chose to do the latter."

She ended with a bitter laugh, and stood looking fiercely at him, all the anger and contempt of an outraged woman in her flushed face and sparkling eyes.

"Hear me," said Godfrey, coaxingly. "I swear I am not the villain you would make me out. It was my cursed pride that separated us. I could not bear to wed a woman who had neither birth nor position. But I'm cured of that folly. I have never ceased to love you. I will wed you to-morrow, if you will accept my hand."

Nora Verlorme drew her shining draperies more closely around her, as if there were contamination in his presence.

"I decline the honor you would do me."

"Decline it!" he exclaimed, savagely. "You don't know what you are throwing away."

"I know only too well."

"I really mean to offer love and marriage. As my wife you would be one of the most courted ladies in all New York."

"My ambition does not run in that direction, Mr. Vaughn. Once for all, you have my answer. It would be the same were you the last man upon earth. I have no wish to sell myself so cheaply."

The taunt stung him, and a streak of crimson flamed through his pallor.

"You are yielding to your pride and obstinacy, not to the real feelings of your heart, when you speak to me like that," he said, with suppressed emotion.

"Do not deceive yourself. If you think there is any lurking fondness for you in my heart, you are mistaken. I think, now, I could never have loved you very fondly. It was a young girl's delusion. But, thank God, it is over, and has scarcely left a sting."

The proud, exultant tone hurt him worse than any words could have done.

"Nora! Nora!" he cried, grown very humble at last, "for God's sake, consider. I cannot give you up like this."

"You can, and must," she answered, haughtily. "Now step out of my way, if you please. I am going back to the ball-room. If you dare to speak to me there, until regularly presented, I shall claim the protection of our hostess."

Then, as he seemed to wilt from her path, she stepped past him, with her head high in the air, her velvety eyes all ablaze, and was gone.

CHAPTER VI.

NORA'S TRIUMPH.

Godfrey muttered an oath when left to his own devices. He had scarcely expected this treatment from the girl he had patronized so condescendingly one little year before, then snubbed and neglected.

She had laughed his love to scorn, and then spoken such insulting words as no mortal had ever addressed to him before.

"The little devil!" he muttered. "She thinks to ride over me rough-shod, because she happens to be the rage, just now. But I will soon teach her that I am not to be insulted, or my love slighted. She shall yet sue for the boon she this night rejected with such scorn."

His face was not pleasant to look upon as he uttered this little soliloquy. Rage, mortification, disappointed love, were all struggling for the mastery, for he had been fully in earnest when he offered to make Nora his wife.

The sight of the bewitching face had rekindled his old passion until it burned in his heart ten times more fiercely than in those old days when she hung so earnestly upon his smile and lightest word. He was ready to brave everything for her sake, as ready as the maddest Marc Antony of them all. The very opposition with which his advances were met, only seemed to strengthen the ardor of his desires.

Besides, there were many things he wished to ask of her—to hear explained. He knew how she had gained the *entree* of his uncle's house, two days previous to this party. He knew Janet Conway had driven her home to an elegant little house between New York and Harlem, near the river bank. But, further than this, he did not know.

He could not tell why she had left her old-woman patron and come to New York, or by what magic she had risen into popular favor and appreciation in twelve brief months.

He could not tell this, and yet he wished very much to know. But he dared not follow and question her after what had transpired. He knew too well the nature of the woman with whom he had to deal.

"I suppose there is no sin or wrong to be laid at her door," he thought. "Nora was never a weak, confiding fool, whatever else may be said of her. I could swear she is as pure and untainted as when I turned my back upon her so shamefully a year ago. No, whatever is the secret of her present prosperity, there is nothing in her life for which she need to blush."

He went back to the ball-room presently, to watch her at a distance and feast his eyes upon her rare grace, until the sight almost maddened him with jealous pain.

So the nights were on, and the mirth and revelry were at their height when the summons to supper came.

Then followed a scene of confusion, as monarchs, priests, courtiers, cavaliers, flower-girls, mermaids, princesses and queens ran hither and thither to doff their masks and make themselves presentable once more.

Nora Verlorme came into the supper-room among the last, escorted by her host, and was assigned the seat of honor at Mrs. Graham's right hand. Such a vision of entrancing loveliness she seemed, as few of those *blase* people had ever looked upon, as she glided to her place, with clouds of filmy white floating all round her superb figure in such perfect grace as would have driven an artist-soul wild with delight, her only ornament a string of pearls that encircled her snowy throat, and were lost in the clouds of lace and tulle that made up her unique attire.

"Charming! ravishingly beautiful!" were the comments that ran around the table in guarded whispers.

Godfrey Vaughn's quick ears caught the buzz of admiration, and he bit his lip until the blood came. But for his own consummate folly he might now be the husband of this peerless woman, who seemed destined to take New York by storm.

"I *will* win her!" he said, between his teeth. "In spite of her assertion, I am sure she loves me still!"

As for Nora, with the self-possessed air of a woman who is conscious of looking her best, she sat at the other end of the long table, as bright, bewilderingly and entrancingly beautiful as though she had never known a care or heart-ache all her life.

She was conversing animatedly with those who sat near, to whom Mrs. Graham had introduced her. Presently, in glancing down the long line of faces, her eye met Godfrey's bent fixedly, almost sternly, upon her. She did not start, blush or betray the slightest sign of recognition.

It was different a moment later, however. In that sea of faces her gaze encountered one—a genial, handsome, good-tempered face—turned toward her with such an expression of genuine admiration and interest depicted upon every feature as sent the blood in crimson waves to the roots of her hair.

It was Major Vaughn whose gaze was bent upon her so fixedly, and more of the man's heart than he was aware looked out of his handsome dark eyes at the moment.

Nora Verlorme read what was passing in his mind, and a stern determination instantly took possession of her soul.

"Godfrey Vaughn shall yet see the woman he despised placed high above him in the social scale," she said to herself, with a little thrill of anticipated triumph.

While this thought was passing through her mind Janet Conway was whispering to Major Vaughn, under cover of sipping ice-water:

"Oh! Uncle Vaughn, have you seen? Similia is none other than that pretty Miss Verlorme whose acquaintance we made the other day."

"Yes. Hush, child."

"How can I hush after making such a discovery? It seems too strange to be true."

"I don't know," Major Vaughn returned, gravely. "I thought Miss Verlorme very clever at the time."

"Oh! yes," murmured Janet, "but not equal to writing that charming book of Similia's. I wish supper was over that I might speak to her."

If Nora Verlorme cared at all for the subtle flattery of the world, her triumph was complete this night. It was like an ovation. Scores of admirers clustered round her, and she shone pre-eminent above every other woman in the rooms.

"So fresh, so clever, so winning, with the face to win a kingdom," was the popular verdict; and Godfrey, hearing it, groaned internally. If he had thought to make himself necessary to this woman's success in any way, that hope was rudely dissipated. She seemed fully capable of getting on without him.

He hovered near her, expecting to receive a glance, or a relenting smile. But none was vouchsafed him, and he was compelled at last to seek a formal introduction.

It was Janet who presented him. Nora received him as an utter stranger, coldly giving him her finger-tips, and saying, with measured politeness:

"I am glad to know one of Miss Conway's friends."

Godfrey could have cursed, but what good would that have done? Almost crushing that slender little hand in his grasp, he said, looking straight into her eyes:

"And as for me, I am rejoiced to make the acquaintance of the most charming woman here to-night."

She turned coldly away.

"You are pleased to be complimentary, Mr. Vaughn." And so she left him.

Rose Carrington chanced to be near enough to witness this little by-play.

"Humph!" she thought. "They meet as if utter strangers. I wonder where they knew each other, and what little mystery they are hiding so cleverly."

But it was no part of her policy to make inquiries, and thus betray the suspicions she entertained to the objects of them.

Mrs. Graham's rooms were thinning a little when Nora found herself separated, for an instant, from the throng of admirers that continually besieged her.

Thankful for a brief respite, she quitted the grand saloon, when nobody seemed to be watching her movements, and darting quickly through the ante-room, found herself in the cool shadows of the conservatory.

She had been unusually brilliant for the last hour, but her gaiety was all assumed. It seemed a blessed relief to drop the mask for a few minutes; so she stood quite still, with her head leaning against one of the marble pillars, and her fingers clasped over her brow.

Suddenly a dark figure came toward her from a remote corner of the conservatory.

"Miss Verlorme," said a low, anxious voice, "are you ill?"

Looking up with a start, she found herself face to face with Major Vaughn.

Her eyes fell low, the next instant, before the admiring gaze that met them, and crimson blushes ran in waves over her face. She was just then thinking of him, and here he had risen as if from the earth itself in answer to her wish.

"No," she answered, quickly recovering herself. "I am not ill, but very tired. Don't you find these large parties a bore sometimes?"

"Yes, a wretched bore," was the emphatic answer.

Nora smiled, and giving him her hand, pointed out a rustic seat at no great distance.

"Would you mind sitting down yonder, that we may condole with each other?"

"Would I mind it?" he echoed, more earnestly than he was aware. "Nothing in the world could afford me greater pleasure."

"I am very glad we happened to encounter each other," Nora said, when he had seated her and taken his place at her side. "I was anxious to thank you again for your kindness to me the other day. I shall never forget it."

She spoke in a low, thrilling voice, to which vibrated chords in the banker's heart that had not been touched for many a day.

"And I shall never forget what a brave, true, womanly soul was revealed upon the occasion of which you speak!" he exclaimed, warmly.

"You give me greater praise than I deserve, Major Vaughn."

"That were impossible."

"Never mind," she said, laughing. "When you know me better, you will learn not to flatter——"

"Then I shall know you better?" he interrupted.

"Of course," innocently. "That is, if you care to continue an acquaintance so singularly begun. It rests wholly with yourself."

"I'm glad of that, very glad," and his look expressed volumes.

"I suppose we shall meet occasionally in society?"

"And you will come to Madison Square sometimes, Miss Verlorme? Why will you not? Rose and Janet would be delighted."

She gravely shook her head.

"You may think me very proud and obstinate, and perhaps I am," said she, in a singularly humble tone. "But I could never thrust myself upon those who stood above me in the social scale. When I have really won fame and position, it will be very different. Then, I shall not mind——"

"It cannot be very long, first," he sighed.

"I hope not."

He glanced down at her, his face grown very grave and sad.

"While you are working and toiling your young life away, am I not to see you?"

"Would you care to see me, to visit me in my own home?" she murmured, and grew hot with shame and self-contempt the moment the words were uttered. But the banker caught them up so eagerly they could not well be recalled.

"If I might, if I only might?"

"You shall come, and as often as you like. Here is my address."

She thrust a card into his hand, then rose to her feet. "I shall be missed," she said. "I must go back to the ball-room. Adieu."

She gave him her hand to kiss, then glided away; and Major Vaughn felt as if she had taken all that was brightest and pleasantest with her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VALUE OF FISH-FOOD.

Many elaborate comparisons have been made as to the comparative food-values of butcher-meat and fish, and occasional controversies have arisen on the subject, on which the utmost diversity of opinion has been expressed. Some economic writers maintain that fish has no food-value worth speaking of; others say that fish-food must occupy a middle position between vegetables, and beef and mutton. Again, a learned authority says that fish, well-cooked, with oil or fat of some kind, or served with butter when brought to table, "is chemically the same as butcher-meat, so far as nutrition is concerned." Another writer says that fish as food, is only fit for children and invalids, and is totally unfitted to support the health and vigor of men or women engaged in laborious occupations. As usual in such disputes, we may hold that the truth lies between the two extremes. Many people following laborious occupations, especially in Scotland, live largely upon fish. In that country the fishermen themselves eat a considerable portion, and as a class, fishermen are strong and healthy; and the wives who undertake a part of the men's work, are still stronger and healthier. In Portugal fish fried in oil forms a very large proportion of the food of the population; their fish-diet is supplemented by a little bread and fruit, and although the peasantry of the land never partake of fleshmeat, yet they are a hardy, vigorous, and brave people. Let it be remembered that fish is a necessity of life in France and Spain, and as regards the latter country, a constant organization is at work in Great Britain to supply it with many kinds of cured fish. A huge portion of the pilchards taken on the coast of Cornwall, as well as many hundred hogsheads of cured and smoked herrings, are sent to the Spanish markets.

SMALL TEMPTATIONS.—You bring a green log and a candle together, and they are very safe neighbors; but bring a few shavings and set them alight, and then bring a few small sticks and let them take fire, and the log be in the midst of them, and you will soon get rid of your log. And so it is with little sins, and so Satan brings you a little temptation, and leaves you to indulge yourself. "There is no great harm in this," "No great peril in that," and so, by these little chips, we are first easily lighted up, and at last the green log is burned.

CONVERSATION.—There is speaking well, speaking justly, and speaking seasonably. It is offending against the last to speak of entertainments before the indigent; of sound limbs and health before the infirm; of houses and lands before one who has not so much as a dwelling; in a word, to speak of your prosperity before the miserable. This conversation is cruel, and the comparison, which naturally arises in them between their condition and yours, is excruciating.

A TIME FOR ALL THINGS.

BY A. E. BALLMAN.

What will the dawning bring to me
Before of joy, or care?
I reck not! In our May-tide glow
All things must needs seem fair.

For hope in youth illumes a star
Beneath the blackest gloom;
Then why so oft snipe the fruit
Born of so sweet a bloom?

Why? 'Tis because the blossom forced
Ere Nature's own set time
Cometh, but ne'er brings to birth
The fruit of golden prime.

So he who seeketh to forestall
Great Heaven, the attempt shall rue:
But he who waiteth Heaven's good time
Shall make his "talent" two.

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress.

BY MARY E. WOODSON.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 43. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XLIX.—[CONTINUED.]

As he hurried away to repair once more to the old quarters in which he had left Mother Crowley, who had claimed to be his mother, and had reared him from his earliest infancy, ere servile labor had hardened his hands, or sin polluted his soul, memories of those earlier years came thronging unbidden and pell-mell through his brain. Every impulse of his nature rose up to deny the claim of relationship which this wicked woman had asserted. From childhood he had felt an utter loathing of her corrupt nature and teachings, and had shrunk shudderingly, and as he believed nature never would have allowed, had she been in truth his mother, from every demonstration of affection on his part. Who was he, then? and what had he been, directly or remotely, to her? These had been the perplexing questions of a lifetime. At fifteen years of age he had run away and gone on shipboard to a distant city. While wandering listlessly about the streets one evening, he had chanced to come upon a youth but a year or two older than himself, who had been knocked down by a couple of ruffians, and was about to be robbed, when he had drawn a pistol, killed one of the villains, and put the other to flight. The youth was Arnold Leslie, who chanced to be traveling at the time with his guardian before entering college. Caspar Lenox, in no wise claiming any gratitude for an act which he would have performed with equal willingness for the poorest fisherman along the shore, conducted the stranger, who had been stunned by the blow he had received, back to his hotel.

On the return voyage the young millionaire was a passenger. The original and daring spirit of the youthful sailor struck his fancy, and, being accustomed to indulge every whim, he bought him off, and took him with him to college. Lenox worked here, as few men have ever done, with the desperate earnestness that was a part of his nature, and won his way, in time, to marked distinction.

Finding it necessary to seek out the woman who professed to have the nearest claim of relationship upon him, he inquired at the old haunts for Mother Crowley, and was astounded to hear that she had gone on a distant voyage. He found her in Paris, playing nurse at the dying bedside of Mr. Douglas Roscoe. And there he was first introduced to the far-famed beauty, and future adventuress, Miriam. Her wonderful attractions had had their influence upon him for a time, and, her father having mysteriously disappeared, he became her constant companion. The mother died, and Miriam, scorning the companionship of Mrs. Crowley, sought the protection of Mon Dessieux, a relative of a former husband of her mother. Here Lenox visited her occasionally. The position of M. Dessieux was good, and Miriam's wonderful beauty drew around her a host of admirers.

Lenox, in the meantime, had, as he supposed, become deeply interested in Maude Manning, a poor girl whose sailor father from America had died but a few months before, leaving his daughter to the chance charity of such of her countrymen as she might encounter. The handsome young fellow saw, pitied, and fancied himself in love with her, when accident threw him into the society of Leonora Danvers, also a fascinating young beauty and heiress, to whom a number of his college admirers were paying court.

With every sense now absorbed, he was secretly planning a speedy marriage with this last object of his adoration, when Arnold Leslie appeared upon the scene. Leonora Danvers was frivolous and volatile, as such spoiled darlings of the *beau monde* but too often are, and the fine order of mind that Lenox possessed failed to be appreciated before the superior beauty of Arnold Leslie, and she had become the wife of the latter on the shortest acquaintance. Lenox madly stifled his great anguish, and immediately espoused Maude Manning, to hide, as many averred, the wound his pride had received; and, about the same time, Miriam Roscoe had wedded the young Frenchman, Louis Dupre.

Very soon reports began to arise that Arnold Leslie, too, had been victimized by this siren, and was the slave of Miriam Dupre, obeying her every beck and call, to the neglect of his wife, until his entire fortune had been squandered.

It was averred that the proud beauty, Leonora, bitterly resented her wrongs, and, in an evil hour, determined to try to provoke the jealousy of her husband in her tone. Not even the worst of her enemies had ever questioned her virtue, but his naturally suspicious nature was easily aroused, and bitter and violent recriminations followed. Mutual accusations were generally divulged, until their higher order of acquaintance gave them the cold shoulder, and finally dropped them altogether.

About this time, maddened by poverty and ill-treatment, Leonora Leslie fled to the house of Caspar Lenox, and besought the protection of his wife, never once considering in what light this new step might be viewed by her husband. The chivalry of Lenox was generously awakened for the woman he had once loved, and he vowed to protect her against her own husband. The sympathies of Maude, also, were deeply touched, and the two women became fast friends. So soon as Leslie had ascertained the whereabouts of his wife, his indignation knew no bounds, and these men were involved in a difficulty that came near costing both of them their lives. Leslie was the first to recover, and bore off his wife in triumph.

It was but a short time after this that Maude had undertaken to intercede with Leonora's father, and had come from short down, as we have described.

Caspar Lenox had deserted his own home to pursue the man whom he now hated with a bitterness that was to destroy his whole life, for such reports had come to Maude, through Arnold Leslie, that, believing herself despised, she had entreated a separation from him, which he, in resentment or despair, or both, perhaps, had granted.

A month or so after chance threw her again with Leonora Leslie, who, still too proud in the consciousness of her own virtue to seek help from her own relations, to whom such injury had come through her husband, had taken refuge, under an assumed name, at the house of a poor woman, who chanced to befriend her just as her own last visible means of support were exhausted. Feeling that her own end was near, Leonora Leslie listened, with the sympathy that springs from kindred suffering, to the story of her old friend, and, just before her last illness, that ended in her death, wrote a touching appeal to her uncle, Philip Danvers, to assist the woman who had been more than a sister to her since she had deserted her own family, and Maude, in despair at the thought of her inability to support herself and child, and of whose possible existence she had kept her abandoned husband in professed ignorance, determined to try her last chance for an honest livelihood, and deliver the letter in person.

Philip Danvers, in sincere grief at the fate of his murdered brother's only daughter, and touched by the seeming worth of the woman who brought him these sad tidings, introduced her to his wife, who supplied her with money and clothes, and continued her liberal protection, until, a year or so later, she took her into her own house as housekeeper over the butler, and companion for herself. Afterwards, being at a greater loss to understand the nature of her former husband's pursuits, as he had been unjustly accused of a crime, for which Ned, or some of the other denizens of Mother Crowley's wretched abode, were responsible, she had been at more pains than ever to conceal from him her son's existence, and to bring the boy up, as far as she was able, aloof from every such corrupting influence.

Now, as Maude had never confessed the real name of her husband to any member of Mr. Danvers' family, having given a promise to that effect to Leonora Leslie, there were necessarily many circumstances in the life and about the subsequent death of the latter which she was constrained to keep a profound secret, especially as Lenox had ascertained her refuge, and must necessarily be involved should she attempt a disclosure.

Neither Maude nor Miriam Roscoe had ever encountered each other abroad, though this had been the merest chance, as they had remained for a while in a few squares of each other, but they had each heard of the other, and the astonishment of Maude may be better imagined than described, when she eventually learned who was the fashionable bride that Eugene Danvers had brought home, though the culpable and noted part of Miriam's career had taken place after her return to her native country. This was the retrospection upon which Caspar Lenox now looked. Fifteen years after that last interview with his former wife, given in the earlier pages of our story, all these things came thronging back through the busy brain of the lonely man, as he went through the streets, on the night of his release, to the old, old home in which he supposed Mother Crowley and Moll—for he had not yet heard of the latter's death—might still be found.

He had some difficulty in recognizing even the street at first, so strange did it all seem to him after such length of time. But the ruinous old building loomed up at him at last, and he turned into the pestilential alley.

The old stairway creaked and groaned under his tread as he passed up, but poor little frightened Walter no longer sprang to open the door, and Moll's jocund face was no longer there.

He stood for a moment with something like timidity on his stern, unforgiving countenance; but, as though ashamed, he nerved himself at last, and pushed open the door with a resolute hand. When he had entered the room, and could distinguish the objects about him, he saw Mrs. Blount and a strange woman there, sitting in the silence with solemn faces.

The former uttered a cry of alarm as she beheld him. They were sitting away from the bed, on which something like a human form lay very still, with a soiled covering thrown over it to shut it from view.

"Is *she* dead?" he asked, in a hollow voice.

"She is dead," returned pale Mrs. Blount, with a shiver. "She has been awful bad, sir, for three years past, almost an idiot, like; never knowing any one, but calling all by the great name of Danvers. But this morning she kind of woke up, and crying out with a great wail for you to come, and that she must live to see you once more, fell back stone dead."

This, then, was the end of the little hope that had animated him through all these years, of eventually obtaining from her the confession of his father's real name.

Had it perished, indeed, in the grave of Miriam Danvers?

He strode up to the wretched bed, and turning down the coverlid, recognized in the shrunken and wizen piece of clay before him, all that remained to this earth of the woman he had called "mother."

CHAPTER L.

THE SEXTON'S GHOST STORY.

The days went by again, and Caspar Lenox, like Arnold Leslie, had become accustomed to this life of free will, going and coming with no strong hand to lock him in.

The latter, it is true, was in the "gentleman's clothing" he had coveted so much. But he had been on the appointed day to Maude Manning's house, in the hope of being furnished with a fresh supply of Philip Danvers' money, and to his consternation had found her gone, no one could tell where, or for how long.

He had come away, vowing vengeance in his turn, and had been living by his sharp wits since, scarcely building up the "good reputation" he had desired.

He had been eating and drinking, but this exciting pabulum had been obtained in the lower order of gambling sheds, among painted women and coarse ruffians. And this man, a fastidious Bohemian in fancy still, feels a loathing disgust, and gnashes his teeth with increasing rage each day, at thought of the enemy who had robbed him of twenty of the best years of his life, and had brought him down, down to this worse than a dog's existence. And in his turn, a bitter thirst for vengeance takes possession of every faculty of body and soul, until a courage invincible, because born of desperation, is awakened in his bosom.

Caspar Lenox must be face to this.

Where was he?

Arnold Leslie had heard the story of that bold attempt to plunder the dead in years gone by; that wrong-doing had sent his tormentor to a felon's cell for so many long seasons of earth's bright changes; and the history of that opal ring, often heard from his wife's own lips, brought a rushing train of thought. What if it were possible for him to obtain it, and so ensure a competency and success to himself?

What right had these people to allow this ring, and jewels worth thousands of dollars, to moulder in the dust, while he starved—he who might have been wearing them now by right of inheritance? Had Caspar Lenox ever abandoned any sworn resolve of his life? And would he not in some other, and perhaps surer manner, make the effort again? With such a man, the motives that had made him risk so much once must exist still. A former failure would only nerve him for a more deliberate effort.

Suppose he could come upon Lenox in the act of despoiling the dead, and with a well-aimed shot could deprive him of his treasures, when he had lawfully taken his life in the commission of a crime, or else might be the means of returning him to the confinement of a prison for the remainder of his existence? That would repay him, in a measure, for all he had suffered. He had the head, but not the heart, to plan even a bold fraud upon the living now, and he would have no scruple about the dead; for he had but few superstitions, as is generally the case with educated men whose moral perceptions have been blunted. He feared the living, because they had the power to punish him, but he scoffed at the idea of graveyard terrors.

The feeling grew stronger and stronger that if Caspar Lenox should again make the attempt, as he believed he would, and thus open a way, he himself would have a perfect right, as he should be harming no one, to remove the costly treasures of these mummy Danvers, that had been consigned to the eternal oblivion of the tomb, from hands and bosoms that were now none the more attractive for being adorned with them.

Possessed by these thoughts, that had as yet however taken no definite shape, he lounged into the old cemetery, day after day, and sat moodily pondering, not a stone's throw from the stately mausoleum.

The sexton, seeing him here, until his face had grown quite familiar, concluded that he must be some pious gentleman of a melancholy disposition, who took pleasure in "viewing the ground" where he, in all probability, would "shortly lie," and approaching him, fell into a conversation.

"You appear to enjoy the contemplation of your future doom, sir?" he said.

"Where? What is my future doom?" asked Arnold Leslie, alarmed.

"What? I alluded to the grave, of course. You yourself are the best judge of what it will be after that."

"Oh," returned the other, in a reassured tone. "I was thinking of anything else just then, I assure you."

"Was it about the graveyard ghost?"

"Ghost," repeated Leslie, with a laugh. "I thought all graveyards were full of them. You are lucky if you have but one."

"You are making a jest of it," returned the keeper, half angrily. "But you haven't heard about all the things I've seen in the last few weeks."

"I haven't heard about any," replied his auditor, relapsing into his abstracted manner. "But, pray, Mr. Sexton, what have you seen?"

"I was passing through here about dusk," resumed the man, "when a real moving ghost, all shrouded in white, and almost as tall as any of these trees, rose up in this very path before me and my son. We both saw it, sir, and fled outside, like mad. But the people at home only laughed at us as you are doing. That was two weeks ago. And just as I was beginning to think we might have been deceived, I made another more astounding observation to-day."

"And what was that?"

"Why, sir, across on the hill there, where we bury the poor who can't afford a separate enclosure, do you know there are *five new graves* that have been dug by no mortal hand, for I know every inch of those grounds."

"Ah! you forget," said Leslie, with a sneering laugh. "Just think how many are brought here each day."

"I know," returned the man, indignantly. "But they are brought, and their bodies remain in the grave, no matter what direction their souls may have taken. But there are neither *coffins* nor *bodies* in these."

"Rotten," briefly explained Leslie, with a yawn.

"Don't I tell you the earth is still warm from the spade," replied the sexton. "Great heaps of fresh earth packed into shape. Yet neither *graves*, *coffins*, nor *corpses* there."

"Rather a singular phenomenon, certainly," said the other, curiously. "I should like to see them."

He walked across the hill with the keeper, and beheld in reality several fresh-looking graves. Stooping to push away the earth with his cane, he saw, indeed, that the hard, solid earth extended under the mounds, and that no grave had been dug except in one, which he concluded the sexton must have dug.

"Now can you tell me how they came here?" asked the latter, triumphantly.

"Indeed, I cannot," returned Leslie, thoughtfully, as he wandered around, and stared about him to no purpose.

"There are heaps of fresh earth over there in the ravine also; and they were put there last night, I'll swear," continued the keeper. "The police are going to keep an eye on the place for awhile now, and see what they can make of it."

The watch was kept up for a week, and they evidently made nothing of it. There were no more new graves, and after a little the thing was comparatively forgotten by every one but Arnold Leslie.

He resumed his old post and pondered, never dreaming whose feet had begun to track him to the enclosure, yet dared not come further under the light of day. Having wandered thoughtfully around and around one evening until he felt quite fatigued, he went to a low tombstone, at a short space from the great mausoleum of the Danvers', and sat down upon it. There was a low walled and cemented grave at his feet, covered simply with a broad marble slab. As he sat looking vacantly down at it, he noticed, at last, that the slab was not exactly straight, and supposing that it had come loose, gave it a push with his foot.

Finding that the marble slipped readily aside, he looked about for his old friend, the sexton, that he might call his attention to it. But the man was nowhere to be seen; and stooping down, he peered curiously into the grave. Looking down, he started back in astonishment to find the grave coffinless, and the bare bottom tracked with fresh red earth, while on examining more closely, he saw that one side of the brick wall had been taken quite away, and an excavation dug into it farther than he could see.

What did this mean?

He looked around once more, and seeing no one, put his hands on either side and leaped down into the grave.

As far under the earth as the darkness would permit him to see, he discovered an aperture that had been dug just wide enough to admit a man's body, with room to turn about, if required. He crept into this subterranean alley, and going for some six or seven yards, came in contact with the damp earth, and found his progress suddenly arrested. Dazed and bewildered, he had no alternative but to turn back and mount up again into the open air.

Merciful heaven! how the thought that flashed upon him now staggered him with the suddenness of conviction.

Some one had been doing, while he had been only thinking!

This underground excavation ran toward the Danvers' vault, and some daring robber had been planning this clever means of entering it.

Who was it?

Would any other man than Caspar Lenox have dared it? No. And he set his teeth and hissed out a fierce oath.

He knew that these operations had been checked by the general alarm given by the sexton, and understood, clearly enough now, that the mounds on the opposite hill, made up so cleverly in the form of graves, were but the heaped up earth taken from this secret passage. Not a doubt crossed his mind but that it was the hand of Caspar Lenox at work here.

He would only have to keep watch and apprise the police, and his old enemy would be sent back to wear away his life in prison. He laughed to himself as he reflected what a triumph this would be; and he was hastily adjusting the marble to go out and give the necessary information, when a second thought, the ever recurring one of selfishness, made him pause to reconsider.

Would he gain anything except revenge—anything in the way of money, ease, or luxury, by informing about the matter, and putting an end to it forever? Why might he not first profit by this devil's suggestion, and pressing quickly forward, before the originator could suspect, bear off the prize?

He began again an eager investigation, and found that the earth had been hollowed out to within a yard or so of the vault. The beginner, whoever he was, had evidently been frightened off for more than a week; while, by prompt exertion, he might finish the job in six or eight hours.

Ah! how the villain he so detested would gnash his teeth when he should find out that some one had been before him! And how he would rejoice to leave behind him some notice, intelligible only to the other, that it was he, Arnold Leslie. He hesitated no longer now, for his mind was made up.

He hurried past the porter's lodge, and on to the nearest shop, where he purchased a crowbar and spade; and having them carefully wrapped, until one might have imagined them to be some rare shrubs or flowers-slips, he made his way back to the old cemetery.

He waited until he was quite sure that no one was near to observe him, and slipping aside the slab once more, jumped down again into the grave, and then closed it above him.

He struck a light in the little lantern he had also bought, for it was dark as Erebus here, though he had left the sun still high in the heavens, and fell to work at once. But he had to pause in a little while, to consider what he should do with the loose earth. He could not, of course, take it out in the light of day, for the other had worked by night, while he might finish before the darkness had fully set in. There was no possible way but to block up the entrance behind him, except enough, perhaps, to crawl through or admit the air, and on his return, should his way be impeded, he could readily shovel the loose earth into the vault.

Away he worked then, in desperate earnestness, until he was almost entirely shut in on all sides, and the cold perspiration had wet his clothes nearly through, and trickled in great beads from his forehead. The atmosphere grew stifling, too, but he heeded it not.

On! on! the dull sound of the shovel or pick alone breaking the ghostly silence.

He still worked on and on, until exhaustion was creeping over him, but he had no thought of giving over until he found, in dismay, that he was striking against solid, unyielding stone. He dropped his hands in absolute despair now. Were devils, or the guardian spirits of the dead, rearing up this impenetrable wall between him and his design? He wiped the perspiration from his face, and leaned irresolutely upon his spade to take breath. He had remained thus for quite a time in a dismal sort of stupor, when he took up the lamp and held it near enough to inspect the hateful barrier that had presented itself. As he looked, a sudden irradiation overspread his face, and he uttered a low cry of joy.

He could discover that the barricade was masons' work, and that he had reached the inner wall of the vault.

Forgetful of fatigue he seized the pickaxe now and fell lustily to work. At first he swore it must be as impregnable as the rocks of Gibraltar, for it was long ere he could discover the lines of cement between the walls, which had become petrified almost to the hardness of stone, but his instruments were good, and at last he began to make his mark between them.

He could form no idea how long he had been at work, when unexpectedly a square block of granite fell inward with a great crash, as though it had carried something less solid with it, and were crushing it to atoms. Then a strong rush of damp, fœtid air swept over him, almost taking away his breath with its horrible sickliness, and his lamp went out.

A mortal terror came over him for one moment as he remembered that he was shut in here with the dead and gone of past ages, that Eugene Danvers lay there, with his strong young hands forever folded, and that he had come to look on the dead Miriam, whose beauty had once held him in thrall, and to rob her.

Perhaps it was a presentiment of what was coming so speedily upon him that held him spell-bound and white for one moment with a half prayer upon his lips. It was only for a moment, however, for he thought of that gay upper world that had such powerful attractions for him even still, and strengthening himself with a resolute effort he succeeded at last in relighting his lamp, and fell to work again.

Ha! what was that?

He paused in renewed alarm and listened, but the sound that had frightened him had died away; and, supposing he must have been mistaken, he fell to work once more. With his first blow, however, he heard it again. With every blow he struck there seemed to be a corresponding one somewhere else, but he decided that it must be but the echo of his own efforts sounding in the cavernous vault, and he pressed on.

One, two, three blocks of granite fell in, and a broad, black entrance stared him in the face. He took up the lamp with an unsteady hand to pass through the opening into this dreadful charnel-house.

As he stood under the arch of stone, which he had quite forgotten, he saw right before him, still blocking his way, a ledge or shelf supporting a dark box, which he knew to be a coffin.

That unaccustomed, faint sickness came over him again, for we have stated that he was neither cowardly nor superstitious, and he stood once more as though a worse barrier than the Alps ever appeared to Hannibal were opposing his way. He did not know that the night reigned above upon the earth, but he was conscious of great exhaustion and felt that it must be getting late.

One struggle more, and he would have the talisman that was to ensure him perpetual success within his grasp.

One coffin had already been hurled from its place by the first falling stone, and with a bold thrust he can send the shelf with the other inside.

He closed his eyes, after desperately nerving himself, and gave one vigorous thrust with his spade—the last he was ever to make on earth, or beneath it, in this life!

There was a loud crash, like the report of a pistol, a brief interval of rest, then another rumbling sound, and the whole superstructure to the surface tumbled down upon him, crushing, grinding his quivering body among the debris, while his outstretched hands, all of him that remained visible, grasped—oh, thou invisible and avenging God!—*the very coffin of Miriam Danvers*, through whom all the evil of his life had been wrought!

Buried alive! out of sight and hearing of any living human thing who might catch that one fearful death wail!

Ah, no! There was one other laborer just beyond. Casper Lenox had tracked you, oh! Arnold Leslie, to the last! And now he in his turn shoveled away the loose earth with his powerful arm from the other side, feeling only a wild longing to face his enemy *there* among those coffins, and cleave his skull with one blow of his axe or be himself left dead upon the floor.

Not one fear weakened his unfailing hand, and in the white, ghostly dress that he had assumed he had few thoughts of arrest. The bitter malignity of his countenance as he pressed on must have appalled any beholder perhaps as much as supernatural vision could have done, for when he had reached the breach in the wall he leaped over the fallen stones, and for the moment, forgetful of the presence of the dead, glared about him for his living enemy, while, as he still looked, those mute, motionless hands spoke to him in the ghostly, uncertain light, and told him the story of Arnold Leslie's doom! Then, over his own dark face there swept a whirlwind of unutterable thoughts, as his lips murmured inaudibly, though quite consciously, to himself:

"'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

But did the thought of that swift and sudden judgment check him in his mad design?

No! a thousand times, no!

Carefully reading the engraving upon the silver-plate, his hand, finally groveling in the human dust of the coffin, touched that of the mummy dead woman, and plucked forth the imperishable jewel.

In the starlight, as he came cautiously forth, an undimmed opal flashed upon his finger while he slipped back the marble in its place, and catching up a musty, stained cushion, with a lock of raven hair still clinging to it, he thrust it into his bosom, and turned hurriedly toward the great city, leaving the new and the old dead remorselessly behind him, while he whispered in the darkness:

"My motto has been all my life, 'Ich dien,' but henceforth it shall be, 'Io triumpho.'"

CHAPTER LI.

IN WHICH MR. JARVIS MAKES AN ARREST.

A galvanic shock ran through the mercantile world.

Danvers & Leslie, whose riches were supposed to be almost as inexhaustible as the sea itself, had discovered that the bulk of their possessions had lightly taken to itself wings and flown away.

It had been indubitably ascertained that the East Indiaman had been wrecked off the Cape of Good Hope, and all her vast treasures consigned to the bosom of the deep. A sailor, picked up by another vessel not far from the Point of Agullas, had brought the melancholy tidings home that the noble vessel, after breasting the fury of a five days' storm, had been buried, with passengers and crew, in a watery grave.

Later advices had confirmed the suspicions of the dishonesty of Messrs. Cheatem & Stribling, the "company" agents of Danvers & Leslie in India, and the firm in Calcutta was declared a failure.

The great house in New York, to the wonder of curious thousands, was closed, it was stated, until the proprietors were able to rally from the blow and to meet their contingent expenses. But they themselves knew sadly enough that this could never be done.

Mrs. Leslie, overcome by the blow, had fallen into a low, nervous fever, that resulted, unexpectedly, in her death, and Mr. Leslie, looking at his beautiful daughter, would have been broken-hearted, too, but for the thought that her approaching marriage would soon place her again in the high sphere to which she has been accustomed.

Philip Danvers suffered less, for he remembered that his children had all gone before him, and was beginning to look with impatience for the time when he should lay his own head among them. Violet Lowe, with her dazzling beauty and the strangely softened nature that became her so marvelously, could easily marry to advantage also, for she had several distinguished suitors in her train, who were still hoping to overcome her stated resolve to spend the remainder of her life with her uncle. By his father's will, the great house in which Philip Danvers lived, with some other property, would have belonged to his children, in defiance of any creditors' claims upon himself, but by their death he had inherited it back now, and that too must go.

Evelyn Leslie, more lovely in her sorrow than even in her most brilliant humor—as Cecil Dupre rapturously declared—was preparing, listlessly enough, for a very quiet marriage, instead of the grand wedding that has been proposed. Stewart Roscoe's arrival, strangely deferred from time to time, was all that had prevented it from being consummated ere now.

But on a bright morning in the mild September weather, a packet steamer, with the British flag, came in, and Stewart Roscoe came ashore, accompanied by a brisk, handsome young man, who proved to be no other than the hero of our story—Walter Ward.

He, too, picked up on the wide Atlantic by a stranger ship, when sense and life were deserting him, had finally made his way to India, under difficulties, that to almost any other man would have appeared insurmountable, only to find the business house to which he had been sent closed forever; and the men with whom he had been expected to co-operate, vanished like a morning's mist before the tropical sun.

Penniless and friendless, he had worked his way back to England on board a man-of-war, that had been sent to take fresh troops to Cawnpoor. And, finally, falling in with Stewart Roscoe, had come, with this whimsical old gentleman, who had taken quite a fancy to him on the voyage, back to New York.

Weary and heartsick as Walter was, for he had heard that Evelyn Leslie's marriage would, perhaps, take place the very next day, he nevertheless felt it his duty to go at once, and in person, to Mr. Leslie, and inform him of the full particulars of his generally disastrous voyage.

He had only stopped long enough to visit a barber's shop, partake of some coffee and change his linen, when his companion informed him that he would accompany him, as he and Rochester Leslie had once been fast friends.

"I wonder if I shall find my great nephew, whose habits of life, I feel very sure, are all diametrically opposed to my own, as well suited to my fancy as you are?" he said, looking at Walter with unusual interest.

"I don't know—I am sure I hope so," replied the latter with a laugh. "Mr. Dupre pleases the ladies a great deal better."

The sharp old man, muttering something about women being generally fools, noted the "Mr." which Walter always prefixed to his nephew's name, and rightly concluded that the young men had not been very good friends in the past. And though Walter had done violence to his conscience on various other occasions by rendering the most favorable accounts of Cecil to his uncle, when the latter would drive him to the wall by numerous abrupt questions, Stewart Roscoe felt well assured that the fault, if fault there was, lay with Cecil Dupre alone.

Perhaps it was such thoughts as these that chilled every show of affection, and caused the old man to look more like a cunningly-disguised detective than a loving relation in quest of a dear kinsman, upon whom he was to lavish all the profusion of his wealth, as they alighted in front of the well-remembered yard that awakened so many associations in Walter Ward's breast.

"They thought at the hotel that I should find my nephew here," said Stewart Roscoe. "And as I have never seen him, there is no chance of his knowing who I am. I feel equally sure that Rochester Leslie will not recognize me, for our acquaintance has never been renewed since he was a very young man. We can go in as though we had accidentally met here, and I shall have an opportunity to make my observations at leisure, while you, Walter, shall be the first to speak."

The porter, as he answered the bell, stared in unfeigned astonishment at the young man, stating that Mr. Dupre was with Mr. Leslie, but he made no doubt they could walk in; and Walter, knowing the way of old, was proceeding toward the doorway of the library, when the domestic touched Mr. Roscoe on the arm.

"Will you wait in the stranger's parlor until I announce you, sir?"

"No," he said, briefly. "I will follow Mr. Ward."

"What name then, sir?" asked the man again, with evident disfavor.

"Mr.—Stewart—if you must interfere."

"Mr. Ward and Mr. Stewart," called out the porter, throwing open the door. And as they entered Mr. Leslie and Mr. Dupre each looked up, but the face of the latter was as white as though the hand of death had smitten him.

"Walter Ward!" exclaimed Rochester Leslie, half rising from his seat, not in welcome, but in astonishment and indignation. "In the wreck of so much that was true and good could it be the providence of a just God that preserved the evil alone?"

"How, sir?" cried Walter, bitterly, while Mr. Stewart, from his unobserved position near the door, saw the look of blank astonishment that came into his fine expressive face. "I have not the gift of an Othello to sketch my own adventures with fine colors, but I must ask, if after the shipwreck, destitution, hunger, and well-nigh *death*, that I have deemed myself rightly braving to serve you, *this* is the only welcome home that I merit?"

"A Desdemona would likewise be wanting," said Cecil Dupre, now rising in trembling indignation. "Mr. Leslie, though you have not evidence against this man strong enough perhaps to summon an officer of justice, his presence here is an insult to you. Shall I ring for Jenkins to show him out?"

"Mr. Dupre," said Walter, firmly, "we have had one encounter before, you will remember. If you are anxious for another, you will have time to find me elsewhere. My dismissal must come from Mr. Leslie alone," and he turned with a proud, though aggrieved, look to the latter gentleman.

"Oh, Walter! Walter!" exclaimed Mr. Leslie, rising and pacing the floor with a visibly disturbed look. "How hard it is to hear that voice, with so true a ring in every note, yet be forced to conclude that it springs from so corrupt a heart?"

"You would hardly have heard it again, sir," said Cecil Dupre, eagerly, "but that the wreck of all he bore away with him so falsely has cast him upon the world the same penniless vagabond he was when you first took him from the filth of the street!"

"Hold, Cecil! *I* command you!" cried a clear, musical voice, as Walter was about to return a hasty answer, and Evelyn Leslie, with pale cheeks and flashing eyes, stood before them. "Father, these accusations are as false as I feel them to be, or Walter Ward would not have come back to you. I have come in to hear him free himself from the odious charges that have been brought against him. Who is the strange gentleman with him? He will testify to his innocence, I know."

All eyes were now turned upon Stewart Roscoe, who all the while had been standing in speechless astonishment at the scene before him, when Jenkins threw open the door once more, and Mr. Jarvis came in, with his best bow and smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MADELINE'S LOVER.

BY C. CUNLIFFE.

"There she goes again!" said Mr. Cliffe.

He stood in his elegant breakfast-room, where birds sang and hot-house flowers blossomed, buttoning up his overcoat, preparatory to going to his office—a tall, handsome man of six or seven and twenty, with brown eyes, and curly, dark hair.

"Who?" demanded Ferdinand Lovell, who was still dawdling over broiled ham and coffee at the table.

"Don't you remember my telling you about the beautiful young girl who passes here every morning? The one with the shining hair and the rose-leaf complexion?"

"It strikes me I do recall some incoherent ravings of yours upon the subject," said Mr. Lovell, languidly.

"I should like to know who she is," said Constant Cliffe, after a moment or two of silent reflection, as he mechanically fitted his fingers into a pair of fleecy-lined kid gloves.

Lovell set down his coffee-cup, and turned round to look his companion full in the face.

"What for, in the name of all the heathen deities?"

"Because she is decidedly the prettiest girl I ever saw."

"Not even excepting Diana Ashe?"

"Not even excepting Miss Ashe," Cliffe answered, quietly. "Diana Ashe is simply a handsome, expressionless piece of flesh and blood. This young blonde is *spirituelle*, as well as beautiful."

"Cliffe!" cried Lovell, starting from his chair, "you are in love!"

"I am not in love. As if a man could not admire a lovely object without being accused of the tender passion!"

"But I say you are in love, nevertheless," said Lovell, "or you will be, if the fair *incognita* passes your window many more times."

"That may be," said Cliffe, laughingly. "Come, old fellow, it is high time we were starting for the office."

"Some milliner girl, I dare say," said Lovell. "If Miss Ashe knew what was her interest, she would hire her to take some other route."

* * * * *

It was a very small garret-room, meanly carpeted, and lighted from one dormer window in the roof, while the meagre handful of fire in the stove furnished scarcely an apology for heat on that keen, frosty February afternoon, when Madeline Warwick sat at her table with roses, and gilliflowers, and striped carnation pinks heaped around her—bright, scentless imitations of nature's darlings; for Madeline Warwick was a poor girl, and made artificial flowers for her livelihood.

As she worked busily away with deft fingers and intent eyes, shaping the blue velvet petals of gaunt pansies, the door opened, and a slender little boy of some ten years old ran in, panting and pale.

"Charlie!" Madeline dropped her scissors in dismay. "What sends you home at this time of day? Has anything happened? Are you ill?"

Charlie buried his sad-looking face on his sister's shoulder.

"I ain't ill, Maddie; but—but—Mr. Cliffe has turned me away."

"What for?" asked Madeline, soothingly. "For no fault of yours, my boy, surely?"

"He—he says I have stolen his gold pen, and I never, never, never touched it."

And here Charlie burst out into the sobs and tears he had hitherto so manfully repressed.

"Charlie," said Madeline, looking him earnestly in the face, "you have never told me a falsehood. I do not think you took his gold pen. There never was a Warwick yet who was a thief!"

"I never touched it, Maddie," persisted the boy. "You have always taught me not even to take a pin that wasn't my own."

"There, dear, don't cry so hard," soothed Madeline, brushing away his tears with her coarse little pocket-handkerchief. "It is not your fault."

"But, Maddie, I was so proud of earning three dollars a week," sobbed poor little Charlie; "and I thought you would'nt have to work so hard—and—and——"

"Charlie," said Madeline, rising to her feet, "bathe your eyes and cool your face in water, and then put on your hat again."

"What for?" questioned the child, eagerly.

"Because I am going with you to your employer's office. I shall tell him that you have never deceived me, or done a dishonorable thing during your whole life, and I do not think you are beginning to be different now. I cannot have my good little brother rest under an imputation like this. We are poor, Charlie, but we are honorable!"

Charlie slipped his red little fingers obediently into Madeline's hand. Dearly as he loved his sister, he was a little afraid of her when her eyes glittered so, and she assumed what the good landlady called "her grand tragic airs!"

"Shall we go now, Maddie?" he asked.

"Yes, at once!"

Mr. Cliffe was sitting in the big leather-cushioned office chair, when Ferdinand Lovell came in, as usual, in a breathless hurry.

"Charlie! Charlie! Where is the little elf?" he demanded, irritably.

"I have discharged him," returned Mr. Cliffe, coolly.

"Discharged Charlie? And what for? I rather liked the sprite."

"So did I, until my gold pen disappeared."

"You don't say so!" cried Lovell. "Why, I should have been willing to stake a pretty considerable amount upon Charlie's honesty; but one never can tell, now-a-days, whom to trust in. Where are those Brownlow will papers?"

As he pulled away a side table to get better access to the avalanche of papers which seemed to have descended upon it, something which had got caught between the wall and the table, fell with a clink to the floor.

"What's that?" cried Ferdinand Lovell.

He stooped as he spoke, and picked up a heavy gold pen and pencil-case.

"Halloa!" ejaculated Cliffe, looking rather conscience-stricken.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Lovell. "Now I knew there was nothing of the light-fingered nature about our Charlie. Old fellow, you've made a mistake for once in your life. Send for Charlie at once—let's make the *amende honorable*."

"So I would," responded Mr. Cliffe, "if I knew where on earth to send."

"Don't you know where he lives?"

"I haven't the least idea."

"Then," said Mr. Lovell, "there's nothing for it but to submit to the force of circumstances; for although——"

He stopped, for at that moment the door opened, and little Charlie himself walked in, holding tight to the hand of a tall young lady with blue eyes and glittering golden hair. Cliffe rose, instinctively, with a bow, for he recognized the lovely goddess of his daily worship.

"Excuse my intrusion, sir," said this new-comer, "for it has become my duty to speak in my little brother's behalf. I am Madeline Warwick."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Warwick," interposed Constant Cliffe, coloring and looking rather awkward, "but your brother needs no defence. The missing pen—missing, I am compelled to state, through my own awkwardness—is found. I apologize heartily to my poor little Charlie, and shall be glad to have him back here again, if he will come."

"Of course I'll come, sir," said Charlie, brightening up; "but please, please don't ever believe again that I could be so base as to steal!"

"There's no danger, my boy," said Lovell, kindly.

And Madeline, blushing and happy, took her leave.

That same evening, Mr. Cliffe, who had ascertained his sister's address from little Charlie, called—of course, only to ask Madeline's opinion of the propriety of raising the boy's wages somewhat; and he called again the next week, to see what Madeline thought about Charlie's joining an evening class at an institute; and the third time he quite forgot to allege any excuse. And after that, none seemed to be necessary, save the mutual satisfaction they took in each other's companionship.

"Maddie!" whispered little Charlie to his sister, some months after the episode of the missing gold pen, "what do you suppose the other office-boy, and Jones, the clerk, were saying to-day?"

"What, Charlie?"

"That Mr. Cliffe was going to be married to you. Oh, Maddie, is it true?"

And Madeline burst into tears on Charlie's shoulder.

"Yes, Charlie, it's true!" she faltered; "and I am the happiest girl in all the world!"

For Madeline Warwick was about to make what the world *calls* "a grand match;" but Constant Cliffe had secured a more precious treasure than gold or pearls—the prize of a true woman's true heart.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

CURE FOR DIPHTHERIA.—Take mullein leaves and steep them in strong vinegar, and put them around the neck and breast as hot as can be borne. Also take a teapot, and put in it one gill of whisky and one teacupful of vinegar; then take three or four pieces of brick the size of a hen's egg, put them in the fire and make them hot; then put one at a time in the kettle, holding the spout in the mouth and swallowing the steam. Use one brick every fifteen minutes until relieved. Keep the bowels moderately open; nothing more.

CLEANSING BOTTLES, ETC.—Bottles that have had medicines in them may be cleansed by putting ashes in each, immersing them in cold water, and then heating the water gradually till it boils. After boiling them an hour let them remain in the water till it is cold. Wash them in soapsuds, and rinse them till clear in fair water. Pie-plates that have been long used for baking are apt to impart an unpleasant taste on account of the rancidity of the butter and lard imbibed. Put them in a brass kettle, with ashes and cold water, and boil them an hour.

GOLD INK.—Gold ink is very expensive. Take genuine gold-leaf, and rub it with honey, on a ground-glass plate, with a flat pestle, until the whole presents a uniform mass in which no distinct particle of gold can be recognized. Put the mass into a vessel of water, and let it stand a couple of hours, and then pour off the water very carefully. Repeat this operation three or four times, until the honey is all removed, and then mix the remaining gold with a sufficient solution of gum-arabic to make it the consistency of ordinary ink. Shake it carefully, and it is ready for use. The writing is to be rubbed after drying with a flat piece of ivory, when it will present the lustre of pure gold. Silver ink is made in the same way, silver-leaf being used instead of gold.

News of Interest

A MONUMENT to Captain Cook, who discovered the Sandwich Islands, and afterwards furnished the natives with a lunch, is to be erected at Honolulu.

AN advertisement for a bookkeeper in New York, at seven dollars a week, brought three hundred answers early the next day, many of the applicants being married men with families.

THERE is no lack of pretenders to thrones in Europe at present. France has three, Spain two, and there are half a dozen more scattered around and willing to take any crown that will offer.

A FRENCH scientist declares that the flesh of the Caucasian is bitter and salty, while that of the negro is of fine flavor, and will keep much longer. Missionary societies will doubtless be interested in this fact.

A WORCESTER girl recently discovered that she possessed, in a wonderful degree, the faculty of mind-reading. She operated on her lover, and discovered that he was going to kiss her, and the event proved that she was right.

FRENCH ladies have a knack of packing summer dresses which prevents their becoming crushed and wrinkled. They are never folded, but rolled in wrapping-paper, and by this means their fresh and stiff appearance is preserved.

GRANITE and macadam pavements are to be abolished in the streets of London, and only asphaltum or wood is to be used in the future. The macadam pavement is too dusty, and granite, probably, too slippery. The asphaltum used in London is real, natural asphaltum, and is as hard as stone.

AN automaton card-player is on exhibition in London, which plays at whist and a number of other games, and also performs several card tricks. The figure is described as seated on a sheet of glass, and the spectator may stand by its side and see that no person is concealed within the body.

THE following directions are given for detecting some counterfeit fifty cent notes now in circulation: On the counterfeit the lock of hair in the corner of Dexter's forehead touches the other hair at each end, while in the genuine it is a "C" shaped lock, and touches only at the lower end.

THE whole number of postmasters in the United States is 34,294, of which 1,408 are appointed by the President. The number of employees of the postal railway service is 2,173, and their compensation $3,357,809. The whole number of persons in the employ of the post-office service is 40,000.

ALASKA is fast paying for herself. Since the acquisition of that territory the government has derived an income therefrom as follows: Taxes on seal-skins, $1,150,219.75; rent for fur-seal islands, $170,180.72; sale of seal-skins taken by government agents, under Section 6, act July 1, 1870, $29,529.17; total income, $1,350,229.67.

AT the town of Wetzlar, in Germany, where is the largest establishment in the world for the preparation of human hair, good brown hair, of average length, is worth $75 a pound. The highest-priced hair is pure white, long tresses of which are sold, not by the pound, but by the single hair, each hair being valued at about half a cent.

IT is stated, on British authority, that there were 4,335 steamships afloat in 1873, of which 2,538 were from Great Britain, and averaged 850 tons each. The year following, 480 steamers were built in Great Britain, averaging 1,167 tons each. It is estimated that there are 5,250 steamers afloat this year. The figures do not include river craft.

EUROPE bristles with bayonets, although peace reigns everywhere, except in Spain. Germany has an immense army; the French army will within twelve years be increased to 1,800,000 men, and Russia will have a standing army of 750,000 men, and a reserve of 1,740,000. Austria could take the field with 500,000 men, Italy with 400,000, and Turkey with 200,000. England has 500,000 men to defend her soil, and could put 70,000 to 80,000 men into a European war.

LETTERS FOR SANTA CLAUS.—Several letters deposited in the Richmond post-office, evidently written by children, plainly indicated that they, anticipating the annual visit of Santa Claus, wished to remind him of what they most desired. One of them was directed "Santa Claus, Greenland, North Pole." Another was directed as follows: "Santa Claus, sleigh drawn by eight reindeers." An open letter, directed simply, "Santa Claus," read as follows: "Mr. Santa Claus, a big wagon—not so very big—four wheels, two packs popcrackers, a Mother Hubbard book. Wilmer." "Nellie wants a carriage, and a baby, and some candie. I wants a baby and candy, and a little story book. Isabella."

A LONG STEEPLECHASE.—The Austrian journals speak of a "competitive ride," undertaken by fifteen army and militia officers, and two civilians, from Vienna to Pardubitz. The distance is about one hundred and thirty-six English miles as the crow flies, and about one hundred and fifty by any of the roads. Each one was allowed to take the route he pleased. They started at seven A. M. from the central cavalry barracks in Vienna, in the presence of a great number of officers. The extreme limit of time given was three full days, so that horses arriving after that length of time were ruled out of the race. One of the competitors, Herr Tippelt, a civilian, did the distance in fifty-two hours, and won.

EXPLOSIVE MECHANICAL FISH.—A machine has at length been constructed which will travel at a speed of nine knots an hour for three hundred yards, and at a lower speed for no less a distance than a mile. It will maintain any direction impressed upon it, and it can be launched either from a boat or an iron-clad, by night or by day. In short it is a kind of explosive fish, which, in obedience to its masters, will swim for a mile toward any adversary at which it may be directed, and it will strike a dangerous, if not a fatal, blow. If ships at a distance of a mile can be struck with certainty by a mechanical fish discharged from a harbor, no anchorage will be safe, and when two fleets approach one another, each will have to encounter innumerable invisible foes. Every sea and harbor will practically be a mine of torpedoes, and any vessel of light construction must be hopelessly doomed.

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STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 16—OPPOSITE PARTNERS.

Why do bashful little men invariably attach themselves to tall dignified women? Why do dainty little women prefer unbendable six feet heroes? The question is trite perhaps, but it is unanswerable. I fancy Love must weary, now and then, of his ordinary avocations, and therefore plays these tricks upon human nature for his amusement. George Wells, who often passed my window, time ago, with demure little Nellie Gray resting upon his arm, was her opposite in every way. She was fair as a lily, he was bronzed and dark complexioned. She, pensive, quiet, staid; he had the reputation of a "jolly fellow," and was a laughter-loving, laughter-making soul. Yet she loved him.

His friend Frank Deane was a nervous, bashful youth; yet his infirmity advanced his love affairs. He had secured the affections of Maggie Clare, a rakish, bright-eyed, willful maiden, who called Nellie a "prude." She loved quiet Frank, and voted George "unbearable," because in him her own follies were reflected.

Frank and Nellie met sometimes, but as to their dreaming of loving each other, the thought was absurd. Both were frigidly polite to each other, that was all.

And when George and Maggie met, the two would quarrel a dozen times or more. Upon no point could they agree, save one—each was "as disagreeable as a bear."

Frank worshiped Maggie for her life and vim, she loved him because he petted and spoiled her. George adored little Nellie for her quiet ways, she loved him for his cleverness alone.

Maggie, of course, reserved the right to flirt with whomsoever she pleased—Frank never complained. He would grow pale sometimes, doubting her love for him, but she could laugh him into a good humor again immediately.

"He hasn't the courage of a mouse," she said one day, "and it is such fun to tease him, Nellie, dear."

"Oh, Maggie," replied Nellie, quietly. "How can you?"

"You couldn't, of course," said the other, disdainfully. "You are such an absurdly quiet creature. I'll bet now that you submit to George's caprice in everything without question or denial. Don't you now? confess!"

"I love him, Maggie," was the only answer.

"Love, honor and obey," laughed Maggie. "Doesn't it strike you as supremely ridiculous? You are not married yet, you silly child; and if you had more spirit, George would love you more."

Nellie moved uneasily. Was that true, she wondered. He had neglected her of late; was she too tame, too obedient?

"Flirtation is dangerous," she cautiously replied. "Perhaps, Maggie, you may find it so."

"Not I. Frank would follow me blindly anywhere. You give George too much freedom. Your submission palls his fancy, and if you marry you will become his slave."

"But he loves me," said Nellie, fondly, "and that is enough."

"Pshaw," said the other, petulantly, "your logic is absurd."

Still Nellie was unconvinced.

"You have no real pleasure," continued the temptress, haughtily. "If he forbids you to dance, you don't dance. If he objects to your singing, you don't sing. If he admires a costume not at all to your taste, you wear it to please him. Whatever he says is law, and then if he is ill-humored you wonder what you have done, and beg pardon for offences you have never committed."

"Not quite that," responded Nellie, smiling, "at least, it never appeared to me in that light, Maggie, dear."

"What is the result? He neglects you, now don't deny it. I pity your married life, I do indeed."

"Wait until you are married," said Nellie, sagely. "Your spirit will be conquered then."

"Never!" said Maggie, and she believed it.

After a while George became less attentive than before, and Nellie began to think that Maggie's theory was the correct one.

"Try my plan, you silly," said her sympathetic friend. "To-morrow you will have the opportunity. It is Mrs. Lonsdale's evening, you know, and I will surrender Frank to you. You will find him very tame and tractable—while I will flirt with your immaculate George. Note the result. Frank will grow terribly jealous, and give me all the privileges I need to make peace again. George will open his eyes very wide, and if you could only succeed in making him jealous, too——"

"What then?" said Nellie, breathlessly.

"Your future is secure. Believe me, Nellie, men object to too much *gush*. Dropped apples are always sour. The best are the hardest to secure. Give my system a trial, won't you?"

Nellie consented doubtfully, and the evening came. George, as usual, had vetoed her dancing with any but himself. Nellie trembled, then she danced with Frank, and found him so skilful a partner that she repeated the experiment. The giddy waltz loosened his unobtrusive tongue; really he was well informed, and strange to say he agreed with Nellie upon nearly everything. George *never* did, she thought.

Flirtation is dangerous, as Nellie had said. While these two were blushing by turns, and really enjoying each other's society, Maggie was performing her part of the contract.

"Nellie dancing!" exclaimed George Wells.

"You dance, don't you, Mr. Wells?" laughed Maggie, archly.

"Sometimes; but really it is unladylike to waltz with—with strangers. Don't you think so?"

"Not at all," said Maggie, and thereafter she monopolized George Wells.

He began to find much pleasure in her society, and compared her willful piquancy to Nellie's quiet submission.

"When Maggie Clare is married," thought George, "she will become an obedient wife and a pleasant, cheerful companion. I should not wonder if Nellie does not become morose and melancholy. Strange I did not see the matter in quite that light before."

"If Maggie only had a little of Miss Gray's sober sense," thought Frank, "it would save me much uneasiness. How outrageously she is flirting with George Wells. Does she really care for me, I wonder?"

"Frank is so deferential, so kind," thought Nellie, "Maggie must be very happy. It is cruel to treat him so. I do wish George was a little like him."

"If that stupid, half-witted Frank had George Wells' life in him," thought Maggie, "I would never flirt again."

Cross-purposes with a vengeance. Every one next day was disappointed and dispirited; every one to blame. Can we be surprised that the flirtation commenced so thoughtlessly was continued for several days?

The two friends avoided each other guiltily.

"Nellie," said Frank, seriously, "I have made a discovery."

She trembled and turned pale.

"I have no love for Maggie Clare. It is you that I love. Can you believe me, Nellie? Will you be mine?"

Nellie cried aloud and fled from him.

"It is too late!" she said, "I am promised to another, and I cannot break my word!"

* * * * *

"Nellie," said George Wells, awkwardly, "doesn't it strike you that we have made a sad blunder?"

She looked toward him wonderingly and blushed.

"I thought I loved you, Nellie. Indeed, I *do* love you very much; but, need I confess it? Will you forgive me? I——"

"It is Maggie Clare!" she exclaimed. "Indeed, I am so glad!"

"You have guessed my secret, Nellie," he replied, in a vexed tone. "Of course, you will reproach me, and all that, and I deserve it. At least——"

He stopped suddenly. She did not fall into hysterics, as he had expected. She merely slipped a ring from her finger, and exclaimed, "Thank God!"

So George Wells wedded Maggie Clare. The reader thinks that stern retributive justice should make that marriage an unhappy one. Stern justice did nothing of the kind. Like sensible people, they had discovered their mistake in time. George was not passionately fond of meekness in a wife, although he had thought so once. Maggie and he quarrel very often, but their mutual vivacity is an antidote for "sulks."

Frank never would have had courage to repeat his proposal if Nellie had not rescued him from the dilemma.

"Maggie wears my ring now," she archly said. Then she blushed, and wondered how she could say it; but Frank was not like George.

Frank's eye brightened, and he took Nellie's hand, but no sound escaped his lips. He could give no utterance to the love he felt.

Her hand rested in his, and she said nothing, either. Then their eyes met, and both hands quivered strangely.

"I am free now, Frank," she said, after awhile.

"And you will not refuse me again, Nellie?"

"No," she answered, and nothing more was said.

In what terms shall I refer to *their* married life? Did Frank weary of her and treasure the memory of the vivacious Maggie? No, indeed. It is surprising how merry and self-reliant they became. After all, they were suited to each other.

Married life is just as we make it, happy or the reverse. And with this moral (for want of a better) I will close my study of these "opposite partners."

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

How many of us there are who owe the unhappiness of a lifetime to one little mistake made in our youth. So much hinges on so little. We look back and say, "If we had done such and such a thing, then all would have been so different." Ah! if one could but go back again, almost all our time would be taken up in retracing our footsteps.

Of course it is a multiplicity of small events and actions that make up our existence; still in most persons' lives there is some turning point, and we can date to that time our subsequent course, whether it has been one of good or evil, of happiness or misery.

There is no use in dwelling on a misspent past, except for the purpose of resolving and trying to do better. Above all, we cannot be too careful as to how we spend our youth, for the impressions we then receive are lasting, and one of our least actions may render our whole future almost worthless.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants. If they be real wants they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

Speak nothing but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Cast your nets in the right water, and they may take fish while you are sleeping.

NEW YEAR'S MEMORIES.

BY SHELDON CHADWICK.

In Memory's depths and unforgot
At New Year's time will lie
Full many a silent, secret spot,
O'er which we love to sigh;
And thoughts and dreams will sweep athwart
The brain on noiseless wings,
And from their sacred shadow start
Those unforgotten things.

There's not an evanescent thought,
There's not an idle word,
There's not a deed in secret wrought,
There's not a sigh unheard;
But like the fragrance scattered far
Of flowers on Zephyr's wings,
Ascends, beyond the farthest star,
Among unforgotten things.

Lives there a heart so callous, cold,
Beneath yon arching skies,
That feels like blunted darts these old
But sweet and sacred ties—
So dead to every fond appeal
That from affection springs,
As not in after years to feel
Those unforgotten things.

HER NIGHT AND MORNING.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

She pulled the flowers roughly out of her hair and threw them on the floor. The revel was over—the summer was over—the joy and brightness of life were over, too, she told herself, and there was nothing but the long dreary desert stretching out, the arid waste and ashes.

For she had felt so sure of Roy Conover's love. What else could it mean, she had asked herself, time and again. The pleasure in her society, the jealous hurt he showed when she smiled upon another, the whispered sentences meant for her alone, the fire, and warmth, and tenderness in his eyes, the many signs and tokens, too fervent for friendship, and which love alone takes into account.

It was all over now. He had meant nothing. Amusement, pleasure, pastime—and she had given her whole heart. Those flowers lying on the floor had been sent by him early in the afternoon, with a request that she should wear them this evening—*his* last evening. She had complied. His farewell had been tender and pathetic enough, his half fancy and half fear that she might forget him, touched her, and the words of betrayal trembled on her lips. She was glad now that she had never breathed them. Did he guess?

With that she crushed the flowers savagely beneath her tiny heel. Other nights she had kissed and caressed them, gathered up their forlorn and drooping leaves, and revived them in cool water. To-night the withering heat of a simoon could not have been more cruel.

He went on his way with a little sigh.

"What a pity," he murmured to himself. "If I were a rich man, now, to afford such a luxury, for the poor little thing does love me, I do believe. But the idea of taking up such an encumbrance with one's eyes wide open. No, my charming daisy, with your soft blue eyes, that I could not do for any woman's sake. So it is well that our summer madness came to an end."

She, Elma Clyde, still believed the best of him. If she could have seen that complacent face as he settles himself to sleep in the palace car that was to whirl him miles and miles away before dawn.

A step and a voice roused her from her reverie. It was Mrs. Palmer, her hostess.

"Oh, Ellie, I am glad you are not half prepared for bed, though you must be tired to death after all that dancing. You don't look it a bit, with those eyes. I suppose you have been counting up your triumphs. Miles is down-stairs, and wants you, little darling. He found a telegram awaiting him when he came here, calling him to New York on important business. He will go at six, and he wants to say good-bye to you. Come down for a minute. I told him you could never get up at that unearthly hour. There! you are plenty good enough. Don't look in the glass."

She hurried her along. It had been her pet idea all summer that Elma Clyde should marry her husband's cousin, Miles Palmer. And though these arrangements seldom come about as they are planned, Palmer's great tender heart had been won by this pretty half child, half coquette. To be sure there was a wide difference between eighteen and thirty, but then he was rich, and she poor—he could give her so much beside his love.

Mrs. Palmer did not enter the drawing-room, but slipped away. There was a dim light burning, and by it he saw a tired, frightened little face, for now the glow and color had all gone out of it.

"It was cruel to send for you when you must have been so tired. But I had to go—did Margaret tell you?—early in the morning, and you skipped away to your room before I had a chance even to wish you good-night. You have danced too much. Why you are trembling like a poor little prisoned bird. My darling——"

He had gathered her in his arms then, and mistook her emotion. It gave him a thrill, a strange, sweet, delicious feeling that mastered his last scruple. Yes, he would win her now, and run no risks. He bent over to kiss the sweet face, and found tears, for she was crying softly over her poor dead passion of ten minutes ago.

"My darling, am I hasty and cruel? You must know——"

She strove to free herself.

"Yes, I know," she began, "but you must not say it. I could never be good enough to make me worthy. I am vain, and foolish, and wilful, and——"

"Hush! hush! I love you just as you are, or almost. I want the vanity, and foolishness, and wilful ways all to myself. I want to take you, good and bad, smiles and frowns, for I am such a selfish old fellow. And I could not bear to wait until my return, lest some one else should teach you the lesson that will be my delight. You need not answer me wholly, now, but think about it and me when I am gone, and let me write to you. Elma. I think I can make you so happy. You shall be kept like a little princess, with servants to wait upon you."

"Oh, you are a prince!" she cried, "and you deserve a better woman, a——"

"I *want* this one. No doubt I am foolish. There was a time long ago when I thought myself wise—some day I will tell you all about it. *Her* friends and everybody considered her perfection, and I was proud to have won so peerless a creature. But she deceived me and others, and since then I have cared little for any woman. I like you because you do not try to hide your faults. I can see them all, but I will be indulgent for the sake of your bright, warm youth, that I am wild enough to worship, and try to win. There! run away to bed now, and forgive me. I shall not see you in the morning. Good-bye, my little darling. In a month I shall be back again."

She let him kiss her wet face and her trembling lips many times, then she went out, quietly. Mrs. Palmer sat in her room waiting for her.

"Oh, don't," she began, stretching out her hands with a pitiful, imploring gesture. "Not to-night—I am so tired. To-morrow you may say it all."

"My poor child!"

"He would like to see you, while I want to be alone," she answered, wearily.

She put out her lamp, but did not go to bed. An unloved child in a step-mother's house, with only a mere pittance at her command, so no wonder marriage had looked inviting to her. She had laughed a little secretly at Mrs. Palmer's plan, and it must be confessed, flirted a little with grave, brotherly Cousin Miles. It was natural for her to please herself in the matter of attention from gentlemen, but she had a fancy that they would all understand soon, when she announced her engagement with Roy Conover. Perhaps Palmer would not have felt so easy if he had not known that Conover was only a society man, never fancying for a moment that bright, gay, little Elma might become entangled.

Sitting by the window where the cool air soothed her throbbing temples, she thought the matter over, at first in a confused tangled maze, with a fierce tug of passion and despair at her heart. Yet, through it all, the nobleness of Miles Palmer's love touched her, his generosity and trust did more than the most impassioned pleading. Here was love and home, and peace, and the only other alternative was to go back, presently, to the house of her stepmother and have the continual wrangling of three younger half-sisters. No, that could never be done. She would stay here and ask to be Mrs. Palmer's maid or seamstress first.

The August morning began to dawn. Cook was astir preparing an early breakfast. She heard Mrs. Palmer go down, then she rose, took off her limp finery, bathed her face, brushed her hair, and put on a pale pink morning dress, thinking she would look less ghostly in that.

There were but two at the table. Mrs. Palmer uttered a cry of surprise.

"Oh, Elma—you have not—why what is the matter, child?" she exclaimed, incoherently.

Miles Palmer gave one long, steady glance. Had she repented so soon?

Elma walked around to his chair and stood there pale, but very calm.

"I wanted to tell you this before you went away," and her voice was tremulous with emotion. "Your kindness, your—wealth," and she blushed at the word, "might tempt almost any poor girl. I was surprised last night, and somehow, could not say all that should have been said. You are so good, that you ought to be loved for your brave and tender heart alone. So if you will let me be quite free this month, until I try whether I can love you or not——"

"Of course, Elma, Miles would not expect you to marry him unless you could give love for love. If I had fancied you a selfish, mercenary girl, I should never have thrown you in his way."

He divined the secret of her hesitation with a pang, but rising, he said gravely:

"It shall be just as you wish, Elma. Margaret is right. I want my wife to love me first and best of all. I want to feel that I can trust her implicitly. In a month I shall return, and in the meanwhile Margaret must take good care of you. These late dissipations have been too much for you. I want your brain clear and strong," and he smiled. "And now, good-by, for I have just time to catch my train."

He bent over and kissed her. "Keep all your secrets for me," he whispered, and was gone.

She stood there a moment bewildered. Mrs. Palmer poured her a cup of tea.

"Drink this and go straight to bed," she commanded. "You look as if you had not slept one moment."

Elma was glad to get out of sight. She fell asleep from pure exhaustion. The house was very quiet, and it was mid-afternoon before she made her appearance again.

Mrs. Palmer was much too wise to ruin Miles' cause by pleading. Elma was rather grave for a few days, but her natural buoyancy triumphed presently. There were still a few hops and reunions, for summer gaiety had not quite come to an end.

The girls talked about Roy Conover. He was so handsome, so fascinating, but such a flirt. Dora Gaines was almost broken-hearted about him. He had said nearly everything, and then gone away without the final word. But he had told Mrs. Morton in confidence that he must marry an heiress, and that he had a rich cousin who was fond of him, and so on. Elma heard the bits and snatches, but said nothing. Ah, how foolish she had been, and yet poor Dora Gaines must have loved much more deeply.

Then a strange and unlooked-for incident happened to Elma. A queer old great aunt died and left her twenty thousand dollars, more money than any one supposed she ever possessed. Her stepmother came with the good news, and insisted upon taking Elma home at once. And here was Mrs. Clyde's brother ready to snap up the heiress before she could realize her own worth.

Miles Palmer's business was more perplexing than he had at first imagined. Two months sped away ere he could return. Elma had begged Margaret to keep her secret, and in spite of Mrs. Clyde's opposition was going back to Mrs. Palmer's for a week.

"One comfort, Robert," the lady said to her brother, "it is the dullest of all dull places at this season, like every other little seaside town. Elma cannot meet any eligible person there."

"Unless she has a lover," he returned, moodily. "Now if you had not made such a row in the spring when I wanted to speak. You know I always loved her."

"And she *did* like you. She only feels her power now, but I can manage her."

She did not guess that twenty-four hours after Elma's arrival Miles Palmer walked into the cosy drawing-room, and found her alone there and ready to welcome him. How bright and pretty she was with her peachy pink cheeks and deep, luminous eyes—quite a contrast to the pale little ghost he had left.

They talked and talked—at least, he did, and it was ever so long before Elma could get him to listen to her story.

"Yes," he made answer, "I fancied it was something like this the morning I left, but you were so honest that I felt quite willing to leave my case and my heart in your hands. And your fancy for Roy Conover was not very deep, I think," he said, with a smile.

She blushed, and then smiled, too.

"This morning I burned up his few notes, and put the faded flowers in the flames with them. But will you never suspect that your position has something to do with it? That——"

"Child, you could not tell me a lie!" he said, in a strange heat.

"And yet better women than I have married from interest or pique. But you need never fear, and I am glad to be able to convince you. I am no longer the poor little mouse you first loved, but quite an heiress. Wonders will never cease," and she surprised him with her story.

"If Conover should hear this and come back?" he said, after congratulating her.

"Do you suppose I should love him now?" and her brow was scarlet with indignant blood. "Do you suppose I could be foolish and weak enough to accept a man who desired to marry me for a little money? If I had not loved you why would I have come here, and—and——"

"Told me the truth," he made answer, laughingly, "when you could have said 'No' very easily by letter. I am not afraid of so shabby a ghost as Conover's *penchant* would make."

She laughed, too, joyously, eagerly. Somehow she had hardly thought to love him so well. Ah! how blind and foolish she had been to cry out that the roses were all dead because one thorn had pricked her! How blind to think that brief summer dream the only joy of life!

Mrs. Clyde was much annoyed when this grave, business-like man brought Elma home and asked for her hand in a most orthodox and respectful fashion. To refuse was quite out of her power. She could never acquire any legal control over her step-daughter's fortune, and now it was hardly probable that she could badger her into marrying any one else, so it was best to be amiable.

The marriage was appointed for early spring. Mrs. Palmer returned to the city, and insisted on sharing Mrs. Clyde's care and labors. There was nothing left for Elma but enjoyment and happiness.

One evening, at a rather brilliant party, a strangely-familiar face appeared before her, handsomer, if possible, than it had been last summer. For a moment she was startled; then she resumed her gay self-possession. Had he heard about her fortune?

If so, he dissembled well, she thought. But he was resolved to lose no time to put the friendship back to its olden footing.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, as he was growing warm in some protestations. "I have no right to listen. I am—engaged—to Mr. Palmer!"

"Elma!" There was amazement and indignation in Roy Conover's face. "That man! old enough to be your father! Have you been won by his wealth, for last August I thought, I was sure, you loved me?"

Was she very wicked to enjoy her triumph? She wonders now how she could ever have dreamed that he could love.

"Ah! you were quite mistaken," she went on, in cunning innocence; "we have been engaged since the night of the grand ball at the Sea View. Was it not the night you went away?"

"A finished coquette," he said in his heart, understanding little how nearly he had helped to make her one, and never to know how another man had saved her.

And yet she was thankful they had met thus. She knew now how wholly her heart was in the keeping of Miles Palmer, and I need not tell you that her chief study was to render him happy.

PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

WATER.

To order a dinner does not seem a difficult task. It is not for the rich man who has a bank account, a capable steward and an expert cook. To him it makes but little difference what he is furnished; the viands will always be excellent, and the wines good.

For the man in moderate circumstances, however, the problem is a serious one. His dinner is not one of courses, where soup, fish, broil, roast, entree and vegetable come on with methodical regularity, and wines of various vintages, and proper kinds, stimulate the weary stomach, or spur on the jaded appetite.

The poor man must feed his human organism with coarser fuel. He must burn in his furnace the hard anthracite of homely beef and potatoes, rather than the soft cannel of game and fowl. And he must wash down his food with draughts of water, instead of moistening it with dainty wines of France or Spain.

As the poor man must drink water, it becomes imperatively necessary that he should know something of this important fluid.

Water is the most important of all the articles of diet.

It may seem strange for us to say that we *eat* water, but the fact is nevertheless true. Water enters so largely into the composition of all those portions of the animal and vegetable kingdoms used for food that we may literally be said to eat more of it than we drink.

We take it into our systems in every way. The air we breathe is filled with moisture; the food we eat is composed, more than three-fourths, of water, and of course the liquids we drink are, in the main, of the same fluid.

It is therefore all-important that water should be pure and wholesome; that it should be consumed in proper quantity, and at a proper temperature.

The characteristics of pure water are known to every one. There is a certain sparkle, a clearness and limpidity, that cannot be mistaken.

Pure water is not sapid, but it produces upon the palate such a refreshing influence, that we take it with gusto, and, in ordinary parlance, say, "It tastes good."

Water to be wholesome must not be *pure*. Pure water bears the seeds of disease as certainly, if not as quickly, as impure, and we would soon deteriorate both in body and mind did not our staple fluid contain a certain proportion of saline and mineral ingredients. A fixed amount of inorganic material is absolutely necessary for the proper performance of the functions of the body.

The bones require lime and magnesia to give them shape and solidity. The blood and muscles demand potash, soda, and iron, to enable them to perform their parts.

The nervous system claims phosphorus, and the gastric juice, that liquid furnished by the stomach for the digestion of food, requires that certain acids shall be furnished, so that it may go on with its vital work.

All of these inorganic materials are derived both from food and water, but more notably from the latter, owing to its great solving power.

Lime, magnesia, iron, sulphur, soda, and potash are present in most of the water drank on land, but they exist in such slight quantity, that the taste does not detect them.

The palate is not always a safe guide; unless educated it is apt to deceive, but in the matter of foreign substances to be recognized in water, it is safe to trust to its warning.

An undue quantity of salines can always be detected by the taste, and it is best to discard any water in which the mineral ingredients are so largely in excess as to be perceptible to the palate.

An excess of lime, although disagreeable to the taste, may not always prove injurious. After the system has become accustomed to its presence, it may act in a beneficial manner. Some of our country people, notably those from the State of Kentucky, owe their large frames and stout bones to the great quantity of lime taken in with the water they drink.

The other alkalines in excess cannot but be prejudicial to good health, and should be avoided.

Organic impurities are most to be feared. Water is the conveyance by which the seeds of death are carried from the dying to the living. Wells, draining from churchyards, or communicating with surface water that has been contaminated by the excreta from men or animals, are poison pits that do more damage than years of war.

Typhus and typhoid fevers, diptheria, and, above all, cholera, arise from the drinking of water that has been rendered impure by poison thrown off from infected persons.

In every case of sickness great care should be taken that the water used for drinking purposes be kept out of the sick chamber, and that excreta be not thrown in any place where, by any possibility, the water sources may become contaminated.

The poison of lead works so insidiously that it is almost impossible to trace its origin, or even diagnose its symptoms. Many cases of obscure malady owe their origin to this metal. Pure water more readily absorbs lead than that which is charged with lime, and, consequently, those who use water from cisterns, or that distilled from sea water, should be careful that the pipes through which it is brought are protected in some way, or made of other material than lead.

The great question of how much, and at what temperature, water should be drunk, cannot be easily answered. There are many circumstances to be taken into consideration. The system generally gives notice when water is needed, and, unless one has contracted a bad habit of drinking often, this indication can be safely followed. As a general rule, too much water can hardly be consumed. In fact, we incline to the belief that too little water is drank at meals. There is a popular idea that water at meals tends to debilitate the stomach, and prevent the flow of the gastric juice. This is not true. The stomach requires water in large quantities, and, if it is not supplied, the secretions, furnished will lack strength. It is not recommended, of course, that the stomach shall be filled with liquid. The uneasy sensation experienced when this is done sufficiently demonstrates its foolishness.

In regard to the temperature of water, there is this to be said: The normal heat of the stomach is over ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit, and any liquid put in it very soon reaches that temperature. It is therefore to be seen that the coldness of liquids merely gratifies the palate for an instant, without resulting in any decided impression. The sensation of thirst is not a local one. It is a want of the whole body making itself known by the nerves of the throat and palate, and warm water will supply the need much more readily than cold—more readily because cold water shocks the stomach, delays absorption and prevents the rapid supply of the needs of the system. Water at a temperature of sixty degrees is palatable, refreshing and wholesome.

As we have before said, all the liquids used as drink are composed mainly of water. In another article we will treat of the various stimulating liquids and their effects.

M. L. Ruth, M. D.,
U. S. Navy.

PLEDGES AND SOUVENIRS.

THE RING.

"To guard at once, and consecrate the shrine,
Take this dear pledge—it makes and keeps thee mine."

Of all personal ornaments, the finger-ring is perhaps the most ancient, and is now the most extensively worn. The philosophers of antiquity regard it as the emblem of eternity, and it is pleasant to connect this idea with the affection of which it is the symbol.

A ring has been used in all ages as a gift of love or token of betrothal. Since the beginning of the present century it has been called an "engagement ring;" but our fair friends may not be equally well aware that, as it was the precursor of matrimonial alliance, it was formerly designated as a "Pronubial," or "pledge-ring." Hence it worn on the fourth finger.

Although not mentioned in the Bible, the traditions of "the chosen people" inform us that engagement-rings have for ages been used by them, at the espousals *before* marriage, and are said to have been introduced as substitutes for the pieces of gold paid on purchase of the bride, in accordance with an ancient custom called "co-emption," alluded to in the thirty-fourth chapter of Genesis. The laws of the Hebrews require the ring to be of a certain value, and must have been acquired by the bridegroom neither on credit nor by gift. This being properly certified, it is put on the bride's fingers; and should the ceremony not be further proceeded with, no other marriage could be contracted by either party without a legal divorce.

In the sixteenth century the custom existed of inscribing a motto, or posy, within the hoop of an engagement-ring, often in common-place rhyme. Shakspeare alludes in contemptuous terms to these effusions—in "The Merchant of Venice," where *Portia* inquires of *Gratiano* the reason of his quarrel with *Nerissa*, and when *Hamlet*, addressing the players, asks, "Is this the prologue, or the posy of a ring?"

In all quarrels, leave open the door of reconciliation.

THE SEVEN LITTLE WOMEN.

BY IDA PAY.

Gretchen sat drearily waiting for her father to come from the tavern in the village. Many years of sunshine and shadow had passed since her mother had kissed her, and then had crossed the dark silent river to a land of brightness, joy and peace.

Gretchen was almost in despair; for there was only a small black loaf in the cupboard, and she was often beaten when Hans, her father, was angry.

Suddenly there was a timid knock at the door.

"Come in," said Gretchen.

The door swung slowly open, and seven little women entered.

"We are cold and hungry," said the eldest, "as we have come a long distance; we are very tired, and would like to stay all night."

"You are very welcome," replied Gretchen, after a moment's hesitation, as she piled more fagots on the fire.

She divided the loaf into seven portions, and filled seven tin tumblers with sparkling water from a spring close at hand.

"I am sorry there is no more bread," she said, pleasantly, "but you are welcome to this."

In a few moments the bread had disappeared.

"We thank you very much," said all the little women in chorus, as they gathered round the fire. "And if we ever have the chance, we will do as much for you."

"You are very kind," replied Gretchen.

They all fell to talking, and it was not long before Gretchen told her story, which was dreary enough.

"My father does not like strangers," she said, hastily, as the loud laughing and shouting of Hans and his boon companions was borne on the air, "and you must be very quiet while he is in the house. My bed is poor and small, but it is a little better than the bare ground," she added, smiling.

Hans was in a very ill humor. He raved and stormed a long time; finally seizing Gretchen, he thrust her out of doors, declaring he would kill her if she dared enter the house again.

"Others can play at that game!" exclaimed several fine voices; and fast and furious fell the blows of the seven little women.

Hans growled savagely, and releasing his daughter, turned to his small antagonists, dealing heavy blows, but they were without avail. Crying out in rage and terror, Hans, seeing his efforts were in vain to conquer his foes, ignominiously fled, shouting for help.

Poor Gretchen wept bitterly as she fell to the ground. A light snow was falling, and the wind swept down from the mountain in wild fierce gusts. She heard her father's cries of terror, and saw him flee toward the village, closely pursued by the seven little women.

It was not long before they came back, and the eldest rang a crystal bell. It was answered by a multitude of bells chiming through valley, wood and plain, until the air was filled with music.

A beautiful little coach drawn by seven milk-white horses appeared. A footman, in splendid livery, opened the door, and the seven little women, accompanied by Gretchen, entered, and the carriage rolled away. Stopping before a huge rock, which Gretchen had often climbed, the footman blew a shrill whistle, a door swung open, and the carriage rolled through a long avenue, shaded by trees laden with flowers and fruit, until it stopped before a superb palace.

There was the sound of music and laughter borne on the fragrant air.

"Her gracious majesty has come," said several voices, as they entered the palace.

"As the sleeping flowers haste to greet the sun at morn, so we haste to greet her highness, our loved cousin," replied the little women.

Gretchen was conducted to a chamber hung with blue and silver tapestry. The furniture was of ivory, covered with blue velvet wrought with pearls. Oh, how beautiful it all was!

Presently a tiny lady entered, and making a queer little bow, said, "Princess Lalleen bade me dress you, for the queen desires to see you."

"The queen?" repeated Gretchen.

"Yes," was the reply, "the queen of the fairies."

"Oh, how glad I shall be to see her!" her eyes sparkling with pleasure; then added, humbly, "I am only little Gretchen Andersen, and I fear she will not be pleased."

"Ah!" was the kind reply; "her majesty is very kind, and loves good children. Princess Lalleen and her sisters have told how kind you were to them, and how you took care of a sparrow that a wicked boy wounded and left for dead, and many other things, also."

"It was nothing," blushed Gretchen.

While they were talking, the fairy had combed the young girl's hair, removed her ragged clothes, and dressed her in a robe white and soft as the summer clouds.

"You must be like the fairies while here," she said, as she led her to a mirror.

Gretchen scarcely recognized herself. She was no larger than her attendant; her hair hung in burnished waves about her waist, her dress was looped with pearls and coral, tiny sprays swinging in her ears. She was then taken down an ivory staircase bordered with gold, a door was thrown open, and a footman called out, "The Earth-child!" and Gretchen found herself in a large room full of little people.

Princess Lalleen—the eldest of the seven little women—advanced to meet her. Taking her hand she led her to the further end of the room, where was a pearl throne thickly studded with diamonds. On the throne was the loveliest little creature Gretchen ever beheld. Her dress was of the tint of the inner leaves of a blushing rose, a tiny diamond sparkled on her brow, and a crystal wand, tipped with a blood-red ruby, was in her mite of a hand.

The princess bowed very low as she stopped before the throne.

"Your gracious majesty," she said, with an enchanting blush, "this earth-child was cast out into the bitter night, because she befriended myself and sisters. For that kind act we took the liberty to bring her here, knowing that you are the friend of the deserving."

There was a murmur sweet as the sound of the fountain's song at even from the multitude of fairies, who said, with one voice, "Oh, beautiful Queen Alteen! friend of the deserving!"

After the applause had died away the lovely queen rose, and said, in a voice so sweet that Gretchen held her breath to listen, "You did quite right, my dear cousins. Ladies, Bee and Butterfly, bring hither the scarfs woven from rainbows."

This was a great honor, and the seven sisters looked highly pleased, and murmured grateful thanks as they donned the scarfs.

"And now," continued the queen, "bring a scarf of moonbeams as a reward to the earth-child for her kindness."

There was a shout of approval from the fairies at this, and, to Gretchen's wonder and delight, the queen took a scarf that glinted like moonbeams on emerald leaves, and throwing it over her shoulders, said:

"As long as you keep this, we will watch over you. And now, my lords and ladies, away to supper and the dance."

Folding-doors were thrown open, and Gretchen saw a long table bending beneath the most exquisite flowers and fruits, with dainty crystal dewdrops for drink in superbly traced cups. All was hilarity and mirth. A tiny chime of bells sounded, and, as if by magic, the table disappeared, merry music thrilled the listening air, and lovely couples whirled in the dance.

A smart little gentleman fairy, in a violet suit, bowed to Gretchen, and begged her to dance the next set with him. Just as they took their places, Gretchen felt herself shaken violently, and, opening her eyes, she saw her father bending anxiously over her.

"My little Gretchen," he exclaimed, eagerly, "I feared you had gone to your dear mother. I have good news for you, dear," kissing her fondly; "I have sworn never to taste another drop of drink again. Your Uncle Gredel is going to America, that glorious golden land, and we will go with him."

Gretchen threw her arms about his neck, with a glad burst of tears.

"I am so glad," she cried, joyously. "This is better than staying with the fairies."

And she told her wonderful dream—or adventure—she scarcely knew which. Hans laughed merrily, as he listened.

He kept his word, and there is not a happier pair now to be found than Hans Andersen and his daughter.

THE ELF'S BARGAIN.

BY W. A. B.

A fairy who had been sent by Queen Lilla after a pair of dewdrops that should match exactly, to put in the rosettes of her slippers, was obliged to travel so far to find them, that he was belated in the forest. All the flowers had shut up for the night, so he was obliged to ask admittance at the first house to which he came.

Here lived a cross and selfish old dame, who asked in a hard voice, when the fairy knocked: "Who are you that wants a night's lodging, and what will you pay for it?"

"I am an elf," said the fairy; "and I have nothing to pay you unless you will take a wish that I have in my pocket."

"A wish!" cried the dame; "that might be worth having; but now, don't play any tricks on me. If you are a fairy, you have got to prove it. Come in and let me take a look."

The fairy was so weary that he could scarcely climb up the high steps; but the old woman had no compassion on him.

"If you are a fairy, do something that a man can't do," said she.

The elf unscrewed one of his legs, and stood it up on the shelf, and walked about on the other.

"That is curious," said the old woman; "but I want to see something more. What else can you do?"

The fairy picked up an orange-seed, and began whispering to it. By-and-by two little green leaves popped out.

He set the seed in a corner, and the sprig spread out in a great tree, whose branches were loaded with oranges.

"Are you satisfied?" he asked.

"No," said the woman; "I want to know what else you can do."

The fairy went to her spinning-wheel, and told her to bring all the wool in the house. When she had brought it, he turned the wheel around once, and the wool was all spun.

"Show me something else," urged the woman. "I could look all night."

The fairy took up the woman's bowl of eggs, and tapping each egg, said, "Come," and out come a little snow-white chicken from each egg.

"You must be a fairy," said the woman; "but where is the wish you told me of? You can't play off your fairy tricks on me."

"Here it is," said the fairy, giving her a tiny blue flower. "Its leaves will remain open till you have wished for something. Then it will wither. And now give me my supper, for I am dying of hunger."

The woman, who was so mean that she hated to give even a bowl of milk, could make no further excuses, and set about the supper.

"I have got the wish, though," she said, to herself. "I can give him some of the stale bread, and the old milk that has just turned a little; and for a bed, he can sleep on the cushion of the big chair."

So she gave the poor elf stale bread, thickened milk and an old chair-cushion to sleep on; and the first thing in the morning, ran over to see Goody Thompson, her next door neighbor, and to boast about her wish.

"Humph!" said Goody, tossing her head (for she was a jealous old creature), "you needn't make such a fuss about it. Everybody knows there's no good comes from fairy presents."

Our dame flew into a great rage.

"Whatever I get," said she, "I wish your face would turn green for jealousy."

"Oh, dear!" screamed Goody Thompson, "she has turned me green—she has turned me green!"

So that was all our sharp old woman gained by her wish; and what was worse, the judge made her take care of Goody Thompson all her life, because she had turned her green. Think of that!

It is our duty not only to scatter benefits, but even to strew flowers for the sake of our fellow-travelers in the pathway of this wonderful world.

MY REST.

BY MRS. MARY F. BUTTLER.

In the waning light of the dying day,
My thoughts take wings and fly away,
To the wooded glens where the autumn leaves
Lie yellow as grain in its golden sheaves—
Piled high by the strong remorseless wind,
But even there no rest I find,
For rest is not for me.

Then I fly where rivers of golden sand
Are spread o'er the face of a beautiful land,
Where perfumed breezes softly blow,
And the palm and the orange together grow;
And the air is music's soft refrain,
But it lacks the power of soothing pain,
For rest is not for me.

Then I rise on the wings of the silent night,
And soar through realms of mystic light,
To a land where the streets are paved with gold.
Oh, half its beauty was never told!
Where a thousand years shall pass as one,
And the songs of joy are never done.
Ah, there is *rest for me!*

I wake to find it only a dream,
But my soul is filled with a joy supreme,
For I know when my mission here is done,
I shall soar to that land beyond the sun.
And though life's way is often dark,
And rude storms threaten my frail bark,
I know there is *rest for me!*

AN OLD MAN'S DARLING!

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

Author of "Such Sweet Sorrow," Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 21, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XVII.

A private parlor in a lodging house, in London. It is evening, and a bright coal fire burns in the grate. Its brisk flashes of flame help light up the room, together with the great wax candles placed here and there in bronze and porcelain candlesticks. All the surroundings of this little parlor speak well for the luxurious tastes of its occupants. Cabinet pictures hang low down on the walls, and the designs of each would furnish an artist study for a week. Vases of old Venice glass are filled with winter flowers, and the carpet on the floor is as a bed of fresh wood moss.

The occupants of the room are at present a man and woman. The woman occupies a chair over which a brilliant robe is thrown. To see an ugly woman's face in relief against that gorgeous covering would be a hideous mockery. But this woman's face is lovely—no, not lovely. It needs a fuller, more fiery word to describe the passion of it. The bronze-brown hair curls low down over the white forehead. The black eyebrows are drawn straight over eyes whose tint is more purple—warm, imperial purple—than black. The mouth is as a rose—the rose of which the poet sings:

"Venus in its fresh-blown leaves,
An emblem of herself perceives."

It is as a rose, not alone in its color and freshness, but the curved lips meet with something of that indescribable grace with which the petals of a new-born rose fold one against the other.

She is looking over a little file of notes and papers, addressing now and then a word to her companion with the careless composure of long intimacy.

Her companion's name is Karl Henderson.

"Well, Reine, what news?" the gentleman asks, as she drops the last note, and indolently folds her white hands above her head. "Anything from Keith?"

"Not a word, and three days past the time he promised to be with us. It is very strange."

"Not at all strange," Karl answers, easily. "He has doubtless been delayed on the route. And as for letters, considering the present state of affairs in France, it is a wonder one ever succeeds in getting to its destination."

"True," answers the lady, forgetting for the moment her own griefs in the consideration of the greater ones of that afflicted land across the channel. "Poor France! It is rumored that Paris will be burned before they permit it to pass into the hands of the enemy."

"Very likely," answers Karl, still indifferently.

He has, for the time, only the passing interest of a stranger in the struggles of an alien country for place and power. Paris may very likely be burned, but Mr. Henderson's thoughts turn naturally from Paris burned to Helen lost.

He remembers that night when he came so near going down the gulf. He shudders as he recalls it, with bitter pangs of remorse. He seems to hear again that entrancing, weird, waltz music. He feels the golden head upon his breast. He is floating down the golden river of his love with that flower-fair face lying against his heart. Where is Nellie now? Is she sitting with downcast, musing eyes by the old man's side, the old man with the snow-white hair?

Involuntarily he speaks aloud his thought:

"Poor Nellie!"

"What did you say?" asks Reine, with wide opening eyes.

"Nothing."

Karl stoops suddenly over the grate to light a cigarette. His face is very red, but it may have been the reflection of the fire.

Reine eyes him a moment curiously. She stretches out her soft arms, and yawns slightly.

"I wish Keith would come! The days are so dull, and, pardon me for saying it, brother, you are not very good company."

"I dare say not," he replies, coolly. "I am wasting time here, when I ought to be elsewhere. I am very anxious to be moving on."

"No doubt. Well, if he does not come to-morrow, I shall set out in search of him. I cannot bear this suspense much longer."

Henderson looks at her with half-distressful interest. He studies her as he would a picture. She is so beautiful. But it is a baneful beauty.

"Are you so fond of Keith, then, Reine?" he asks, presently.

The woman draws her breath suddenly hard. A warm color drifts over her face and splendidly-rounded throat. Her eyes gleam like stars. Surely it is a lovely face—but it is a face that would drag a man's soul down to perdition—never by any chance lift it up to heaven.

"Love him!" she repeats. "Love Keith Henderson! Remember, when you ask me that, what I gave up for him; remember that, when he would go into the Prussian army, I followed him, as his aid, through all those horrible days of Gravelotte up to the capitulation of the Emperor at Sedan."

Karl smiles coldly. Does he think of Nellie? Does he contrast the two women now; the woman who is at his side, with the woman who is ever in his heart, but who can never sit by his fireside, nor hold her children on her knees to call him father.

Reine rises and walks swiftly up and down the floor. Her dress of dead-blue heavy silk trails on the carpet like a black shadow after her; the light falls on her white, heaving bosom, on her splendid throat bound with a chain of Roman gold, and on her coiled weight of bronze-brown hair.

"I tell you I love him with a love that you, cold-blooded that you are, cannot even guess. I have stood between him and death over and over. Why, at Malmaison, near Metz, when Keith lay under the trees in the orchard where he fell exhausted, covered with blood and dust, a French officer rode up and put a pistol to his forehead. I was close by. I saw it coming. I had a Uhlan's sabre, and I thrust it to that Frenchman's heart—through and through—with this hand."

With a laugh that shows all her white teeth, Reine holds up a round, white arm. There is above the perfect wrist a dainty, rosy dimple, and Karl, as he looks at it, thinks of a poet's line he has read somewhere, something about wasting his soul in one long perfect kiss. That is what his brother Keith has done he thinks. He has wasted his life, his soul, for this bold woman's kisses.

"You must have made a very good-looking boy, Reine," he says, not paying any attention to her heroics. "The wonder is that you did not get shot yourself."

She stops her rapid walk. She looks at him a moment with those gleaming eyes, much as if she would have liked to try her experiment over on him. She stamps her foot down angrily.

"You are laughing at me! You always do laugh at me! You are hard and heartless! You are not like Keith!"

"No, I am not like Keith! My education has been different!" But after he says it, he is ashamed of it. It sounds so like the speech of a prig.

"If it were not that you have been good to Keith," she goes on, excitedly; "if it were not that you had settled all his liabilities here, and made it safe for him to walk in London a free man, I should hate you."

"I dare say you do as it is," he answers, carelessly. "It would be more strange if you did not."

"America!" Reine says, in a musing tone, pursuing her own line of thought. "Do you know, Karl, I was all the more willing to go in search of help from you in Keith's difficulties, that I wanted to see what America was like?"

"Reine," he asks, abruptly breaking in on her, "where is Keith's wife?"

"How should I know?" after a moment's hesitation, with angry surprise. "What should I know of her? It is a strange question for you to ask me."

"You do know, of ecourse. Where was she when you last heard of her?"

"In a mad-house, I believe," sullenly. "You know she has been mad for the last five years."

"No doubt, poor lady. Is she well cared for?"

"How should I know? Do you expect me to go there and look after her? And why do you mention her?" with gathering vehemence. "Why do you mention her name to-night, of all persons in the world? What is your object? Besides, you know, she is not his wife. She is divorced."

"I have no object. Had we not better have some tea, Reine? And then I will go; it is not probable Keith will come to-night."

Karl Henderson lifts a terribly haggard face in the fire-light. Reine, seeing it looking thus old and wan, speculates as she rings the bell on the cause of it. He has been acting and speaking very strangely this evening. Can it be some love affair? Of course there is a woman at the bottom of it. When is it that there is not a woman at the bottom of a man's troubles? And she hums a breezy *chanson* as she watches him, with those soft eyes of hers, wonderingly.

The servant brings in the tea-service. After he has retired, and as Reine is setting out the cups, a heavier step sounds without in the passage. The door is flung open again, and a figure so heavily draped as to suggest a thought of disguise enters, turning the lock after it.

Karl and Reine sit in mute surprise.

"Well, here I am, safe home at last. And a mightily warm reception I'm like to get, I see. Can't you do anything but sit and stare at a fellow? After all I've gone through, too." The least I expected was an oration."

While delivering himself of these disjointed sentences the intruder undrapes; quickly throwing scarf, and cloak, and hat aside, he stands out in the full light a curious duplicate of Karl Henderson. You would have said there were two Karl Hendersons in the room, only that this last one is a trifle broader in the shoulders, and he has the upright, firm carriage given by military discipline. The face is heavier, too; the cheeks are tinged with a ruddier color, and the full lips are left revealed by a waxed black moustache.

Reine is the first to recover her speech. She runs forward, and, flinging her arms about the stranger's neck, smothers him with kisses.

"It is Keith! Do you not see, Karl, it is your brother Keith? Thank heaven, you are safe home again!"

Keith does not seem to be much affected by her emotion, nor does he return her kisses, save by once lightly brushing her forehead carelessly with his lips. He puts her arms away from about his neck, nods a dry "Thank you" to Karl's "I am glad to see you safe with us again," and throwing himself into a chair, stretches his long limbs out easily.

"So you were the least in the world put out by my delay, were you?" he says, looking, with a bantering air, up into the face of the woman who calls herself, by virtue of another woman's madness and misfortune, his wife. "Were you like to weep your pretty eyes out about me?"

Reine does not answer. She is looking with a puzzled sort of surprise at his dress. The sleeve of his dainty velvet coat has been cut away, and his left arm, wrapped in many bandages, is suspended in a rude sort of support—a gay, scarlet and gold embroidered scarf, which is tied about his neck in the form of a sling.

"What is the meaning of this?" she whispers, touching it. "What has happened to you?"

Keith glances down at his arm carelessly.

"That? Oh, a little affair I had across the channel. I was sorry to use your pretty scarf in this way, Reine, but it was better than leaving it to the enemy. It was a mercy I happened to catch at it just before I went crashing through the window into the garden below."

Reine stamps her foot impatiently.

"But what is it? what is it? Will you not be serious for once in your life, and tell me?"

"My dear Reine," he answers, with a gay sort of daring, flickering-like laugh in his upward glance, "I could not be serious if I were to try ever so hard. I have laughed half an hour at a time thinking what a figure I must have cut, when I went flying down into old Pottzentanner's cabbages and garlics."

Reine flings up her head with an angry gesture. Her hand drops from his shoulder. She walks silently away, and taking a chair, she sits staring moodily into the fire.

Keith's glance follows her with undiminished good humor.

"My dear," he says, quietly, "will you not give me something to drink? I am as thirsty as a piper at a fair."

Reine hesitates but a moment. Moved by the epithet he uses, though it is ever so slightly expressive of affection for her, she rises and pours out a cup of tea. Keith sniffs its fragrance, if there be any to it, and then waves it carelessly aside.

"No, thanks, not any of that. If you have got some pure and unadulterated hot water I will drink it with pleasure, but not any of that stuff."

Reine puts the cup down patiently, and brings him wine. Karl sits watching silently this strangely matched couple. He is wondering what can be the tie that binds them together. It would be mockery to think of love—love in its higher, purer significance. A certain weariness under Keith's light manner tells the story for him. Can it be that it is this very indifference which piques Reine, and spurs her ever to an effort to keep him her slave, and so holds her own wayward heart captive?

"Will you not tell me, now?" she says, as he puts down the glass, and she stoops to kiss the waves of dark hair lying across his forehead.

"About the shawl? Oh, well—it was nothing, in reality. I was sitting in the same room where you left me, at the Ours d'Or. You had not been gone more than half an hour, when the door opened, and who should enter but—well, to this hour I don't know who he was—a stranger. He walked straight in, and, after bolting the door, proposed to fight me without delay. Naturally enough I was a little frightened at first, for I remembered those dispatches you took with you, and I knew if they had been taken from you my life would not be worth the asking for."

Reine interrupts him with a proud gesture.

"You should have remembered who had them. Did I not prove myself worthy of your confidence when I was with you in the Prussian army. I would not have given them up with life itself. I would have held them even in death."

Keith kisses her white hand with an air of exaggerated respect.

"A thousand pardons. I had forgotten for a moment. By the way," he goes on, turning to Karl, with gay carelessness. Keith Henderson would have faced death itself with that look of daring hunter in his eyes. "You have no idea, Karl, what a pretty boy she makes when she is dressed up in a gay little coat and trousers."

"Go on! go on!" cries Reine, impatiently. "Why do you torture me so? What did you do next?"

"Well," Keith resumes, "I saw pretty soon that I had nothing to fear in that direction; that he had nothing to do with the army. But he had the right sort of spirit, and plenty of it. By heaven! I couldn't help admiring the fellow. He was splendidly handsome. I thought he was a little touched, at first, and led him on just for fun."

"Did you not learn who he was?" Karl asks, speaking with visible uneasiness.

"No. I have been puzzling myself about it ever since. Do you know I think now he must have mistaken his man. Certainly he was not mad; if he was, there was a splendid method in his madness. He struck me twice, and then there was nothing for me to do but lay him out. I was sorry for him, too; but there was no help for it."

"Did he say nothing?" Karl asks, a horrible doubt creeping over him, and turning him as cold as stone. "Not a word of explanation?"

"No. But stay; I fancy that, at the last, some doubt crossed his mind. I could see it in his face—a sort of wavering, a sense of having made a mistake somewhere; but it was too late. Do you know that if it had not been for this fancy, whatever it was, unnerving him, I believe the fellow would have killed me, instead of winging me in this beastly way."

"Well, what then? what then?" Reine asks, nervously.

Karl cannot for the life of him speak. His mouth seems parched and dry. He listens to his brother's careless words, dreading every minute that the next will precipitate on him the terrible tidings that he knows are to come.

"What next? Nothing, only that I stopped to put a cloak or something under his head to stop the blood pouring from his mouth while they were pounding at the door. He muttered something about Nellie. I was mortally sure all through that there was a woman at the bottom of the affair."

Keith stops his careless speech, interrupted by Karl, who leaps to his feet with a fierce imprecation. It has come at last.

"What is the matter with you?" Keith asks, in unaffected surprise.

"Describe him to me! Describe this man to me!" Karl commands, as pale as death.

Keith complies, and describes Frank Shrewsbury's personal appearance in a dozen succinct words. Karl drops into a chair, and buries his white face in his trembling hands. He sees it all now. Nellie is gone, and Frank has followed him across the water, thinking she has fled with him.

"Man alive, what ails you? What is the trouble with you now?" Keith asks, seriously affected by his brother's manner.

"Nothing, only you have killed the best friend I ever had in the world!" Karl answers, hoarsely.

"Your best friend? Well, all I have to say is, I should not like to meet your enemies if your best friends are afflicted with such a thirsty craving for your life," Keith answers, with easy nonchalence.

"I tell you there has been a mistake—a horrible mistake!" Karl answers, fiercely. "Frank Shrewsbury has given his life in answer for my folly."

"Well, but I don't see that you are in any way to blame," Keith answers, moved by his brother's sorrow. "He would fight; and, at the worst, he may not be dead. There is nothing sure."

"Not dead!" Karl lifts his moody face eagerly. "Are you sure?"

"I am not sure of anything. I was skulking about, trying to get out of the place, which was all in an uproar over it, and the air was full of rumors. Some said that he was dying, some that he was not. But, of course, I did not dare show myself to ascertain the truth."

Karl's only answer is to take out his watch. He notes the hour; then, rising, he makes preparations for departure.

"Where are you going?" Keith asks, quickly.

"Over there—to see my friend. Dead or alive, I shall go to find out what his fate has been! Dead! Frank Shrewsbury dead!"

He says it with a strong shudder. Keith walks over to where his brother is standing, and puts an arm affectionately about his shoulders.

"Karl, my boy, I'm sorry. I never meant to bring any trouble to *you*," he says, with something like a choking in his throat.

It is easy to see the depth of genuine love for his brother which lies, like a gem in the midst of a great pool of brackish water, under much that is reprehensible in his nature, and moves him to say these words. Reine watches them with angry jealousy.

"You could not help it, I suppose," Karl answers, moodily, "and I can only pray I shall not be too late to see him alive."

"I am afraid you will, then. In any case, if you go over, I shall follow you in a day or two. I couldn't think of letting you come to grief on account of my misdeeds, and if the man dies there will most likely be a row about it."

Karl looks at him with a sort of affectionate pride underlying his grief.

"What a splendid nature you have, Keith, when you follow your best impulses. I've been thinking to-night while sitting here how far a woman's influence goes to make and unmake souls. If our mother had only lived, Keith, we might have been, both of us, far better men than we are."

"Well, I don't know," carelessly answers the incorrigible Keith. "You remember Marmaduke Jones at our school in Hampton, the biggest mollycoddle in the States? His mother always had him fast to her apron-strings. We used to lick him regularly every week to keep him from stealing little Plover's sweetmeats and marbles."

"Good-night," says Karl, turning away shortly.

"Are you going, then? Wait a moment and I'll walk around to your lodgings with you. I'll get on a decent coat first, though."

He walks into his dressing-room and shuts the door. No sooner is he gone than Reine turns to Karl, with passion-lighted eyes.

"You take him away from me purposely!" she cries. "You mean to separate us! You mean to take his love away from me! I hate you! You are hard and cold, and I hate you for it!"

"Have I ever come between Keith and you, in any way, Reine?" asks Karl, undisturbed by her violent words and manner.

"Not directly; no, not directly, but you influence him! You get up on stilts, and talk nonsense about the influence of women, and you mean to make him despise me! He does not love me as he did once, and I have you to thank for it! It is you who have changed him!"

"Hush! hush!" he cries, fearful lest Keith shall hear her through the door, but she pays no attention to him.

"He will follow you now, and leave me! He does not care to stay with me! He cares more for you, and for that miserable trash that he calls honor, than he does for me! Some day I shall kill you for it! I wish I could kill you now!"

"Are you ready, Karl," says Keith, making his appearance. "If you are, I should say we had better be off. Adieu, Reine."

He kisses her cheek with the lightest possible touch.

"But you will come back soon?" she asks, wistfully.

"Well, I don't know. If Karl goes across the channel he'll have plenty of work cut out for him. I think I'll stay and see him off in the morning."

They leave her to keep her lonely vigils through the night. Sooner or later it comes, to good and bad alike; and though Reine may be bad she is to be pitied, *for she is a woman, and she suffers for a love that is not returned.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

"ADSUM!"

In a quiet room in the Ours d'Or Frank Shrewsbury lies, looking out through the unshielded window, through the laced tree-tops, upon the blue sky of France. He, too, is quiet, for he is running the few remaining sands of life through the glass. He is meeting death as a brave man should, with a smile on his lips.

His hand is clasped in that of Karl Henderson. Fortune has favored the latter in this little, that he has found his friend alive. All has been explained between them. There is no hardness, no bitterness to mar this death-bed parting.

"It is all my own doing," says Frank, bravely. "I let my passion run away with me. When I saw those names in the paper, I was sure, I never once doubted they were yours—and hers. There seemed to be but one course to follow after that, and I followed it—and I am here."

"I swear to you," says Karl, earnestly, "I never once saw her. I never spoke to her after she left us together in that room when you interrupted us. I left the house at once, and went to my brother's wife, who was waiting for me at the St. James. It was she who came across with me, and who was registered as Mrs. Henderson."

"I know," says Frank, slowly; "you have told me."

"And *she?*" asks Karl, with labored breathing. "Where is *she?*"

"No one knows. We supposed, of course, she was with you. You must forgive us, Karl, that suspicion, which, under the circumstances, was but a natural one. You will admit, too, that I have atoned dearly enough for mine."

"Hush!" cries Henderson, quickly; "don't speak like that. I would give my life, Frank, if so I could purchase yours back for you."

"But you can't. All that is left for

you now, is to make good use of this lesson, and let your future compensate for your past. Poor Nellie, too! There is no doubt in my mind, that she was half insane that night when she left the house. Her mother was so, at times, and once or twice attempted her own life."

Mr. Shrewsbury whispers a few words in his friend's ear. Karl draws back, a look of surprise and confusion in his eyes, a torrent of dark blood sweeping in a great hot flush over his face.

The two men look at each other for a moment with significant steadiness—only for a moment—Frank with a searching inquiry in his gaze, which Henderson bears back with proud and self-asserting innocence.

Frank smiles faintly, but with well-satisfied meaning.

"Well said!" he cries, though not a word has been spoken. "And, Karl, will you promise me not to approach her again, if she lives; that is, never at least as things are now. I shall feel, in that case," he goes on with an attempt at cheeriness, "that I have not given my life absolutely without purpose. My death may bear some fruit."

"Don't speak of that, Frank," interrupts Henderson, huskily. "I can't bear it."

"As well speak of it now as later. After all, Karl, what does it matter a few years earlier or later to die. My life has not been so very bad, though it might have been much better. I see now many wasted opportunities to regret, but what is the use of lamenting. I should feel but little pain now were it not for Ellice." His voice falters. "Who will break it to Ellice?"

"If you would trust me," begins Karl, with a broken voice; but Frank shakes his head, half smilingly.

"No! no! not you, Karl. I don't believe she could quite bear it from you. Time will soften her feelings, no doubt, but at first you will not blame her for any coldness she may feel. Here are all my papers. I would write some, though they tried to have me not. You will see that they get to Ellice, old friend?"

"I promise she shall have them," Karl answers, solemnly.

Frank turns his face to the wall, and his lips seem to be moving as if in prayer. A Sister of Charity comes forward and kneels by his bedside.

"Poor Ellice!" he murmurs, as he opens his eyes for the last time. Poor Ellice! pray for him, Ellice, you who are saying your nightly prayers in your home beyond the sea! Say one prayer for him who loved you so well that your name was on his lips when he died! A gallant-hearted man, a true friend, a faithful husband! There have been nobler lives, no doubt, but his death was not altogether ignoble.

Time passes. The death has been duly registered, the physician has been in attendance, the necessary formalities attending such a death have been gone through with, and gay Frank Shrewsbury is laid to sleep in his grave in an alien land.

It is early evening, and Karl Henderson is sitting alone in his room in the Ours d'Or. His face is rather in the shade. Steadily through the day he has felt his spirits failing him entirely. He had noticed suppressed excitement in the air. There are not many men left in this little Flemish-built town, for the war has taken them away, while to-day most of the remaining few have been conscripted, but those whom he has met have looked at him with fiercely flashing eyes.

Many rumors have gone abroad concerning Frank Shrewsbury's death; most of them have been greatly exaggerated, but Karl has caught enough of their mutterings to learn that he is looked upon as a cold-blooded murderer, whose proper place is henceforth the convicted cell. While he is musing on these things the door softly opens and the landlord enters. He bolts the door after him, then stops, and, with his fingers to his lips, listens.

The sound of clanking steps and steel are heard on the stone pavement of the court below. Karl hears the ringing echo; he starts up in mute apprehension.

"Hush!" whispers the landlord, mysteriously. "Does monsieur not hear it? The police are coming, and monsieur will soon be arrested."

Karl turns slightly pale.

"Arrested! and for what?" he demands, haughtily.

"For that he is a murderer, monsieur, and must be punished. The people are very excited."

"But I am not a murderer!" cries Karl, indignantly. "I did not kill the poor gentleman who was buried to-day!"

The landlord knows it very well. He knows that this is not the man who, a few days gone by, fired the shot which killed the fair-faced English gentleman.

Meantime, the halting tread of heavy feet, the click of steel, comes nearer—always nearer.

"What shall I do?" cries Karl, glancing about him. "Is there no way open for me to escape?"

The steps are in the hall below, nearer yet. Karl feels his blood coursing like lightning through his veins.

"At least I'll sell my liberty dear!" he cries, snatching up his pistol, which lies upon the table. And so he turns to face the door.

But the landlord shakes his head. "No use!" he says, "no use!"

There is a small closet in the room; he rushes to it, and tears the door open. Inside, hung up on wooden pegs, is the uniform, the thick cloth cap, the cloak and belt of a private soldier of France. It is the uniform worn by his dead son, his boy who died at Gravelotte; he can give no greater proof of his interest in the stranger's safety than by disguising him in these sacred garments.

He tears them down from their support, and tosses them to Karl.

"Quick! quick!" he cries. "Put them on; leave everything to me; be quick, I say; they are coming. Monsieur will be caught!"

It is done in a moment. Karl throws off his coat, which the landlord seizes and locks in the closet, and puts on the proffered disguise.

"They were my dead boy's things," says the poor, ugly little landlord; and while Karl's face is turned, he presses the cap to his lips. He tears out a bit of the cloth cloak with his teeth, and puts it in his bosom.

The steps are nearer, coming up the stairs. The landlord extinguishes the light, and taking Karl's hand drags him quickly to the window, which he opens wide.

"Quick!" he whispers; "down into the fruit garden. You can scale the wall on the other side; you will soon find yourself in the open country. If the soldiers see you, they won't know you in that dress. You are safe enough for the present."

"God forever bless you!" cried Henderson. He slips some money into the faithful creature's hand; he does not know how much it is, but he would at the moment willingly have made it fabulous gold. He hears the poor man's thanks, the first stroke given by the pursuers at the door, then letting go his hold he drops to the ground. As he does so, the window drops above, the door is burst open with a crash, and the landlord turns with a deprecating smile.

"Ah, but, messieurs, my door; it is ruined. Couldst thou not wait one moment, till I came? *Peste!* what shame it is!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A NIGHT YARN;

OR,

A TRIP IN A SLAVER.

LIEUTENANT H. D. SMITH, U. S. R. M.
(BLUE JACKET.)

"I have had a somewhat strange and varied experience, and an eventful life, during the fifty years I have been afloat."

"Is it possible, Captain Rogers, that you have been afloat so long? You must have roamed well nigh all over the globe during your wanderings by sea and by land?"

"I have visited every port of prominence in the civilized world, parson—aye, and many that were not civilized. I have supped off the arm of a Congo darkie, ate r——"

"Captain! captain! are you in earnest?" exclaimed the simple village pastor, who had dropped in on the old sailor for an hour's conversation with him.

Captain Rogers was a hale, hearty old gentleman, a true disciple of Neptune, and an inveterate spinner of yarns. Seated in a large, comfortable arm-chair, on the shady side of his pretty cottage, with a box of cigars and a bottle of Martel conveniently near, nothing delighted the old sailor more than to have an appreciative audience about, as he rattled off some experience in connection with his past career. It is just possible that, in his love for the marvellous, he sometimes strayed from the strict letter of the truth, but it mattered little to him, so long as he made an impression or created a sensation in the minds of his hearers.

He was a bachelor, with neither chick nor child, his only follower being a huge negro, with wool whiter than his master's hair. Scip was devoted to the captain, had been his steward for many a cruise, and now had forsaken salt water to share the fortunes of his old master.

The old sailor had the pastor anchored close under his lee, as he would have said, and, helping himself to a very liberal allowance of the brandy, he resumed the conversation.

"Am I in earnest, parson? You would have thought so if you could have seen me stow the grub away. Why—ahem!—man, it resembled the flavor of a tender chicken."

"You don't tell me, captain! The arm of a Congo heathen equal to a chicken! Well, I do declare!"

At that moment the rattle of a glass was heard, and the captain, looking up from a reverie into which he had fallen, discovered Scip helping himself to an overflowing bumper of brandy.

"Your berry good health, cap'n, and yourn, too, massa parson. May *you* nebber chaw up a Congo nigger." And the old fellow shuffled off, with a broad grin on his ebony features, chuckling softly to himself, as he muttered, "Bress dat chile's heart, but he's at it again. How he does lub to get to wind'rd of dese yere 'longshore folk."

"I am afraid I have ruined that black rascal by over-indulgence," sighed the captain, as he gazed musingly after the retreating figure of his only servant. "But he is a faithful friend, although an humble one. Now I'll spin you a yarn about a trip I made once in a slaver."

"In a slaver! Have you been in a slaver?" exclaimed the minister, starting back in dismay.

"I have made a trip, and but one. I was glad enough to avail myself of the opportunity, and still happier when I bade the craft adieu—for you must know, parson, I was only a passenger aboard."

"It relieves my heart to hear you say so, captain, for I have conceived a great regard for you, and I should be sorry to have known you had been aboard a vessel so steeped in wickedness."

"Glad to hear it? Now take a nip of Martel with me, just to wet your pipe, then I'll commence."

"Is it a harmless beverage, captain?"

"Harmless, parson? why the mothers feed their babies on it in France."

"Then I, as a president of the Crystal Spring Society, may venture safely."

"Of course you can. And now, here goes:

"I was close on to the west coast of Africa, in a ship of some three hundred tons burthen. It had shut in thick, so that for five days I had not been able to take a sight. The wind had died away, leaving the old craft rocking idly to and fro, but I strongly suspected that there was a stiff current setting to the westward, and it made me feel uneasy. The barometer was falling, the heat grew unbearable, while the air seemed brassy and heavy with approaching evil.

"The evening of the sixth day, in the beginning of the dog watch——"

"What kind of a dog did you say, captain?"

"What kind of a dog? Blast my eyes, parson, but you are the greatest landlubber I ever run foul of! But don't you interrupt me, and I'll explain all in good time.

"I had the old craft under easy sail, in anticipation of a brush, when, sure enough, I saw it coming. A far-distant, low, surging moan suddenly struck upon my ears. The entire bank of fog was waving, twisting, and undulating, gradually lifting from the surface of the ocean. A few puffs of air fanned my cheek, hot and scathing, as if direct from a red-hot furnace; then, in quick succession, they swept through the taut cordage aloft with a spiteful whish.

"I soon had my officers and men on deck, springing actively about obeying my commands—and it would do you good, parson, to be aboard a vessel once, in a gale of wind!"

"The spectacle, no doubt, is a grand one, captain, but sadly marred by the boisterous language of the mariners."

"Mariners be—ahem! But, to heave ahead again. Away to the westward the fog had, in a great measure, disappeared, and, in its place, immense masses of black, threatening clouds had appeared, piling upon each other, as they quickly spread over the entire horizon. Like immense mountains they towered one over the other on every side. A white line of foam threaded the weather horizon, while the misty rain was driving down upon the ship with marvellous rapidity. The sea was merging from a heavy swell into a heavier sea, and, as the rattle of thunder reverberated through the frowning heavens, followed by the quick, baleful gleam of lightning, I can tell you, parson, it looked anything but pleasant.

"With terrific force the gale swept over the ship, half burying us beneath a deluge of water. For an instant the old craft trembled in every timber, and for a moment I was afraid she would go down; but she recovered with an effort, shook herself like a Newfoundland dog, paid off before the wind, bounding through the sea with astounding rapidity.

"Through the intense gloom an occasional glimpse of some huge sea, capped with seething foam, could be seen as it rolled along. The roaring of the wind, mingled with the dashing of the water, was awful; and I watched anxiously for a lull so as to bring the old ship to the wind, for you must know, parson, I was running dead on to a lee shore with no idea as to how far I might be off. I doubled the lookouts, and remained on deck myself; but I felt far from easy.

"Suddenly a clap of thunder was heard echoing far above the roar of the elements, followed by a flash of lightning that nearly robbed me of my sight, while the air was filled with a strong, sulphurous smell.

"The gale had shifted at least five points, catching the ship flat aback. The hurricane struck us on the beam, a heavy rolling sea caught the ship heavily under the counter, and at the same instant away went the fore-storm-staysail, blown clear from the boltropes. A tremendous combing sea fell aboard, sweeping the poor fellows away at the wheel, burying them fathoms deep in the wild, raging sea."

"Poor, hapless mariners," murmured the sympathetic divine, as the captain paused for a moment to clear his pipe, as he expressed it, with his favorite beverage, an example his companion wisely declined.

"Yes, they were sent to Davy Jones' locker all standing."

"Is the gentleman a friend of yours, that he should pick up your mariners?"

"Who do you mean, parson?"

"Why, you mentioned a Mr. Jones who——"

"Well, I'll be—ahem!—hanged, parson, if you ain't worse than a billy-goat in stays. But, never mind, I shall never get aboard that slaver, if I continue beating and banging about this way.

"Well, to cut my yarn short, we cut away the lanyards of the fore, main and mizzen rigging, in hopes to right her, but, although the masts went over the side, she refused to stand up. Then it was that the booming of breakers reached our ears. There were not many of us left, for the fierce waves had swept many a poor fellow away.

"Soon the white leaping rollers struck the ship, the cry of drowning men resounded in my ears, and, immediately after, the poor old ship took bottom. At every shock the rough coral tore through the planks of the vessel, and the last thing I remembered was rolling over and over in the huge sea, which dashed me against the coral reef once or twice, before finally depositing me on the beach, aching in every bone. I managed to crawl above the reach of the waves then, and, caring for nothing more, I sank on the wet sand, faint and exhausted with the tremendous struggle I had sustained.

"The bright rays of the tropical sun aroused me from the stupor that had overpowered me, and I found that during the night the gale had subsided as rapidly as it had risen. The ocean was smooth and tranquil, the ripples breaking gently along the beach, strewn with *debris* of the wrecked ship, portions of cargo, and, worst of all, the bodies of my bold-hearted crew. Up and down I searched in all directions, but not a living soul could I find. I was the sole survivor, parson, of the ship's company. Strange, eh, that I should have been saved?"

"Nothing is strange to Him who protected you in that terrible hour of danger."

"Very true, parson. Well, climbing a tree, I took a survey of the country as well as I was able, and discovered the banks of a broad, noble river, which I followed, until I gained a settlement, or well-known slave station, known under the name of Poomah.

"Exhausted with fatigue and hunger, I halted beneath the shade of a huge palm growing on the bank of the river. But one vessel was there, moored to a long bamboo wharf, along which a double file of natives were marching from a large building, disappearing aboard the beautiful craft.

"From the peculiar rig, raking spars, exquisite mould, and beautiful lines, I knew her at once to be a slaver, and, as it was my only chance to escape from the wild, barbarous country upon whose coast I had been thrown, I resolved to interview the captain at once, and throw myself on his mercy, trusting to meet with a pleasant reception.

"I had but a short distance to traverse before reaching the wharf, where the captain, a Spaniard, stood watching the embarkation of his cargo. In a few words I explained to him my situation, related the disaster which had befallen me, and, in less than ten minutes, found myself an inmate of Captain Costello's cabin, who proved to be a reckless, good-hearted fellow, and fond of excitement, as most of his countrymen are.

"Three hundred wretched beings were stowed away beneath the hatches of the slaver, provisions and water had been provided in ample quantity, and I could not repress my delight when I found the fleet craft under weigh, and gliding down the sluggish waters of the river.

"Captain Costello had informed me that he was bound to the south side of Cuba, provided he was not bothered by cruisers, in which case he should land his cargo at the first available port.

"You have a pretty clear idea, parson, of what the infernal regions are, I suppose, with old Jemmy Squarefoot presiding?"

"I have often depicted the terrors pertaining to the burning lake, but I fear I do not have a clear conception as regards James Squarefoot."

"Never mind, parson. I'll explain after I wind up; but what I wanted to get at, was to convey an idea of the state of affairs existing in the hold. With no exaggeration, it was a literal hell. Glancing through the iron grating bolted over the hatches, you could see scores of dark, disturbed features, naturally wild and savage, but now rendered ten times more ferocious by confinement, hunger, and an occasional touch of discipline administered with a lash or rope's end by the boatswain or assistants. Occasionally the unhappy wretches would break forth into wolfish howls of anger and despair, their passions would gain the upper hand, and, amid yells of rage, they would fight, trampling back and forth, the vessel trembling from truck to keelson at the violence of the conflict raging below. Then the hose would be turned upon them, followed by a liberal application of a stout rope's end, and the fracas would cease for the time being. I felt ill at ease, parson, and somehow, when I lay in my berth at nights, listening to the groans of the poor creatures beneath me, I felt as if I was reposing over the pent up fires of a volcano, which was liable to overwhelm us at any moment. But the officers of the vessel paid no attention to the living freight. They were used to the business, and had grown callous.

"I was looking anxiously forward to the day when the blue hills of Cuba would greet my eyes. I had seen enough of life on a slaver to last me a lifetime. Affairs had rapidly grown worse, while a terrible epidemic prevailed among the poor wretches, stirred up in the pent atmosphere of the hold. Every day the emaciated carcases were hauled up from the hold and thrown overboard. Sometimes, parson, the boatswain did not wait for the breath to leave the body, but, satisfying himself that such a one would surely lose the number of his mess in a short time, he would anticipate the event by tossing him over the rail."

"I should have thought, captain, the poor blacks would have rejoiced in escaping from such a mess; but the number you mentioned, I do not clearly——"

"Well, never mind that now, parson; I must heave ahead. It was late one afternoon, the sun was slowly disappearing in the blue ocean, when a furious squall burst over the slaver without a moment's warning. Every one was taken by surprise, and filled with consternation at the roaring of the water and howling of the wind. The men rushed out of the forecastle, and even the guards deserted their posts, all eager to shorten sail and save the craft from destruction. The salt brine was flying in copious showers over the rail, while an occasional sea broke heavily, dashing down the open hatches, which had been left open in the bustle and confusion.

A sudden jar was felt throughout the vessel, a yell of fear, and, like a mountain torrent, the slaves, in one black, surging crowd, burst open the grating gaining the deck. Alarmed by the quantities of water which had fallen upon them, and stirred up by the whistle of the squall, they had been seized by a panic, and now their frenzied cries mingled with the tumult of wind and wave.

"Snatching up billets of wood, capstan-bars, belaying-pins, and everything moveable about the deck, they glared upon the crew with all the savage ferocity of their wild nature developed in their hideous faces.

But the captain, with a nerve of steel, never betrayed the least tremor of excitement, although cut off from his men, with no one to support him but myself (for the man at the wheel had his hands full), and a jostling, yelling crowd of savages, dancing and capering about on the main deck, thirsting for our blood, and for vengeance.

"He was too well versed in the dangers and vicissitudes of a slaver's life to be thrown off his guard.

"In an instant he was standing over the arm chest, with myself by his side. The small arms were always kept ready for use, and fortunate it was for us, otherwise I should not have been sitting here to-day under the lee of my snug anchorage, spinning you the yarn.

"As the crowd rushed upon us (the crew had taken to the rigging), we aimed low and fired rapidly, peppering their naked bodies with bird shot. We cooled their ardors, I can tell you, and Cuffie capered about as if treading on plates of red hot iron.

"The danger, imminent for a few moments, was soon over. The shot brought them to their senses, and sullen and furious at their defeat, the blacks retreated below, bleeding and smarting with pain.

"In the meanwhile the fleet clipper had been scudding before the squall, exposed to its full fury without a man being able to shorten sail. Remnants of canvas streamed from the booms and gaffs, blocks and ropes were pounding wildly aloft, while the slender topmasts threatened every moment to come tumbling down about our ears. But as soon as the gratings were secured, the crew, under the able direction of Costello, turned their attention aloft.

"In a short time the remnants of the wreck were cleared away, new sails bent in place of the old ones, deck cleared up, and the slaver, under short canvas, darted through the water at an astonishing rate of speed.

"The haze of the squall had not cleared away, as the captain directed the boatswain to quell the horrible riot that had been raging below. The negroes, excited and goaded on by the sight of blood that had been spilt, had engaged in a furious struggle among themselves of the most desperate and sanguinary description.

"The boatswain, armed to the teeth, followed by a dozen well-prepared assistants, was on the point of descending among the blacks, when a loud report to windward burst upon the astonished ears of all hands.

"Jumping hastily to my feet, I glanced over the weather rail. The squall had passed over, and pushing out of the thin veil of mist, which had hitherto hidden her movements, came a large, heavily strained vessel, with yards upon yards of snow white canvas swelling to the fresh breeze. The black, glossy hull, square rig, and trim, jaunty air aloft, proclaimed at once her true character. It was a man-of-war, and as the smoke cleared away from her sharp bow the gleam of her teeth could just be discerned in the dim twilight.

"I am afraid, parson, you would not care to listen to the few energetic remarks indulged in on that occasion by Costello. He called all hands, made sail, kept off before the wind, all in a few moments, without noise or disorder. He was a smart sailor, if he was a Spaniard, and slaver, and lighting a cigar, he glanced over the taffrail at the cruiser, who was following in our wake with every stitch of canvas set that would draw.

"'Let the moon hide herself for a few hours to-night, and I'll dodge you, my beauty, with as little trouble as a fox doubles on a hound,' muttered the Spaniard, as he glanced alternately at the cruiser and his own well-fitting sails. But the moon rose clear as a silver globe, the breeze increased so that we were compelled to shorten sail, and the broad wings of the man-of-war gleamed bright and ghastly as he bowled along through the foaming seas.

"When daylight dawned, the distance between the two vessels had visibly decreased. The disagreeable fact was apparent to all that in a short space of time we would be within range of the battery, which probably was all ready to open upon us.

"I did not feel very much elated at the prospect before me, for although I was anxious to leave the slaver, I did not care to walk over the gangway of a man-of-war in order to bid farewell to my friends. The simple fact of my being found aboard in company with slavers would place me in an awkward position; so you see, parson, I had a double interest in desiring to escape the clutches of our pursuer.

"Before breakfast time (my appetite was not very good) the thunder of the man-of-war's guns resounded in our ears, while the loud whish of solid shot hurtling through the air made the dusky faces of the crew turn pale, as they retreated to a place of safety. Thick and fast the iron compliments fell around us, tearing huge rents in the canvas, stripping off clouds of splinters from the high upper works, but as yet inflicting no other damage on the vessel. Costello, chewing with savage energy the end of a cigar, walked the deak, cursing as only a Spaniard can curse in like circumstances. I advised him to heave to at once, as our fate was inevitable; but with a frown black as death, he refused to accept my advice.

"Catching the spokes of the wheel, he motioned to the seaman that he might leave, and the fellow needed no second bidding.

"There was only the captain and myself on deck; but aboard the cruiser the crew could be seen, clustering like a cloud of bees, at their stations.

"Suddenly the man-of-war yawed, displaying her entire broadside, a sheet of flame burst along the entire row of ports, and I had sufficient presence of mind to throw myself flat on deck, when the iron tempest tore through the slaver.

"Amid the ripping of planks, rattling of broken spars falling from aloft, the slating of ropes and the cries of the affrighted negroes, I heard a yell of such intensity that even now, at times, it haunts my dreams. It was the death cry of poor Costello, who had been literally cut in two by a round-shot. Brave fellow, he fell at his post, which he only relinquished in death.

"I might spin this yarn out for an hour or two longer, parson, but as it is Saturday night, I'll cut it short. We were captured by the cruiser, which flew English colors. I, with the rest of the crew, was carried to Havana in irons when we were to be tried. I endeavored to explain to the commander of the man-of-war who I was, and my true position aboard the slaver, but as I expected, he would not listen to a word. The first night we anchored off the Moro. I slipped through a lower deck port, defied the sharks, gained the shore, finally succeeding in effecting my escape.

"It was a disastrous voyage for me all round, parson, but I was soon afloat again, without the slightest desire of ever encountering another 'blackbird catcher.'"

SYMPTOMS OF OLD MAIDENHOOD.

The following may ease the mind of several anxious ladies of a certain age, who are beginning to inquire:

When a woman begins to have a little dog trotting after her—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to read love-stories in bed—that's a symptom. When a woman gives a sigh on hearing of a wedding—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to refuse to tell her age—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that she's refused many an offer—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to talk about rheumatism in her knees and elbows—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to find fault with her looking-glass, and says it doesn't show her features right—that's a symptom.

When a woman begins to talk about cold draughts, and stops up the crevices in the doors and windows—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to change her shoes every time she comes into the house after a walk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to have a cat at her elbow at meal times, and give it sweetened milk—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say that a servant has no business with a sweetheart—that's a symptom. When a woman begins to say what a dreadful set of creatures men are, and that she wouldn't be bothered with one of them for the world—that's a symptom.

A STRIKING SUN-DIAL.—A sun-dial that strikes the hours has lately been invented and constructed by the Abbe Allegrot. It is simply a modification of what is known as the solar counter for registering the times at which the sun shines or is obscured. To effect this there are two balls, one black and the other yellow, fixed at opposite ends of a lever, sustained by a central pivot. When the sun shines the black ball absorbs more heat than the yellow one, and the vapor of a liquid contained in the former is elevated to a higher temperature than in the latter. As the result, the vapor leaves the one ball, and being condensed in the other, this becomes the heavier, disturbs the equilibrium of the system, and in so doing, liberates a weight, giving motion to a clock work attachment.

In the sun-dial here referred to a pair of these balls is fixed at every hour mark. When the shadow of the gnomon reaches any particular hour mark one of the balls is shaded, a preponderance of liquid enters the ball, the level tilts, the mechanism is set going, and a gong sounded as many times as the number of the hour indicated. It is necessary, however, that the sun should shine at the time of the hour mark being passed by the shadow, or the time will not be struck.

HE who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cold, dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bulldog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

EVERY ONE owes obedience to the laws, but a still higher obligation is due to morality; and if it so happen that doth cannot be complied with, it is better to do an illegal act than an immoral one.

FACETIÆ

HEAD-WAITERS—Barbers.

SILENCE is the fittest reply to folly.

THE smallest hair throws a shadow.

CHEAP LIVING—Living on excitement.

A BOOTLESS ENTERPRISE—Going barefooted.

A "PUT UP JOB"—Bunker Hill monument.

THE greatest can but blaze and pass away.

HOBBY-HORSES are dearer than Arab steeds.

WHAT A BARBER MUSTN'T DO—Lather his wife.

SOMETHING TO BOOT—Lightning-rod peddlers.

A GOOD kick out of doors is better than a rich uncle.

THE worst kind of education is to be brought up by a policeman.

THE vegetable which young love is always greedy for is to *mate-oh*.

LINES—not by Tennyson, but by somebody else:

"Those who in quarrels interpose
Must often wipe a bloody nose."

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL teacher remarked: "You must recollect that all I am telling you happened one thousand eight hundred and seventy-four years ago."

"Lor, miss, how the time do slip away," was little Sallie's comment.

MORE PRETTINESS.—Rose—"It is beautiful hair, dearest, but I am afraid it is not all your own."

Lilly—"Oh, yes it is, darling. The plait was thirty-five dollars, and the long bit behind twenty-five."

Rose—"Oh, how cheap!

THE bood is beabig brighdly, love,
The stars are shidig too;
While I am gazig dreadily,
Add thigkig, love, ob you;
You caddot, oh, you caddot know;
My darlig, how I biss you—
(Oh, whadt a cold I've got)—
Oh-tish-u! Ch-eh-tish-u!

WASHINGTON CUSTOMS.—Many years ago, when David Crockett was a member of Congress, and had returned to his constituents after his first session, a "native" of them surrounded him one day, and began to interrogate him about Washington.

"What time do they dine at Washington, colonel?" asked one.

"Why," said he, "common people, such as you here, get their dinners at one o'clock, but the gentry and big uns dine at three. As for the Representatives, we dine at four; and the aristocracy and the Senate, they don't get their victuals till five."

"Well, when does the President fodder?"

"Old Hickory?" exclaimed the colonel, attempting to appoint a time in accordance with the dignity of the station, "Old Hickory? *well, he don't dine till next day!*"

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ANAGRAMMATICAL PROVERBS.

1. Charles seek tribute; never bet on poet.

2. Sir Grecian Ben, R. S., has a dog to teach her the Amen, too.

FORT TOTTEN.

HIDDEN FRUIT.

Whip each one of them.
I know it appears so.
Do not grapple with him.
See the tall plumes waving!

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. Transpose an animal and have food.
2. Transpose armor and have a city.
3. Transpose a drone and have a composition.
4. Transpose a tree and have a light.
5. Transpose a vessel and have a toy.
6. Transpose eggs and have a mineral.

GAMMER.

ENIGMA.

I am long, I am short, I am thin, I am stout;
I am often within, even when I am without;
I am dark, I am fair, I am old, I am new;
On my face may be smiles, even while I look blue.
I've a foot without toes, and a head without hair;
I am light, I am heavy, and 'tis true, I declare,
Wherever I'm sent, without limbs I go there.
Without wings I can fly, going up to the skies,
Without voice I can tell all the traveler espies;
And this I accomplish, although without eyes.
Although I hear nothing, because without ears,
The lover confides me his hopes and his fears.
Without hand I can work, for you'll own it is true,
From that without malice, much mischief I do.
Though void of all feeling, of me you may borrow
What will move you to laughter, or melt you in sorrow;
Though I never could think, much reflection I show,
And I wisdom impart, although nothing I know.
Although I'm worth millions, contradiction complete,
Men tramble me down in the dirt with their feet.
Nay, these wonders to crown, it with truth can be said,
Though some thousand years old, I remain to be made!

C. M.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 29.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 23, Vol. 54

WORD SQUARE.

B R E A D
R O L L O
E L B O W
A L O N E
D O W E R

ENIGMAS.—1. "Time and tide wait for no man." 2. Fourth of July.

DECAPITATIONS.—1. Cowl, owl. 2. Gable, able. 3. Peach, each. 4. Pearl, earl. 5. Thorn, horn. 6. Wasp, asp.

CONUNDRUM.—Because it makes "better" butter.

TENDER AND TRUE.

BY L. C. HANLEY.

Tender and true,
You keep faith with me,
As I kept faith with you;
Though near us both
Since we plighted troth
Long years have rolled
But our love could hold
Through troubles and trials manifold,
My darling tender and true!

Tender and true,
In your eyes I gazed,
And my heart was safe, I knew!
Your trusting smile
Was pure of guile,
And I read in truth
On your brow's fair youth
The earnest of loyal trust and truth,
My darling tender and true!

Tender and true,
All my own at last!
My blessing for all life through—
In death as life
My one loved wife—
Mine—mine at last,
All troubles past—
And the future all happiness, deep and vast,
My darling tender and true!

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 8. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXI.

PHIL'S AMBUSH.

It was now full noon. The sun rode in the sky directly above them, and poured his rays down fiercely upon their refuge. A hot, steamy vapor rose from the swampy ground on which they stood.

The situation was decidedly unpleasant, but it was not advisable to leave it, with, probably, a party of shrewd Indians in anxious search for them. The one they had seen appeared to have been sent in advance to warn those on the elevation of the presence of enemies. His appearance was plain evidence that their trail had been discovered, and that the savages had turned back in pursuit of them.

"It's a queer place for Indians to make a fort of," said Jack, reflectively.

"What is it?" asked the major. "The hill appears as perfectly rounded as if it was a work of art."

"It is a work of art," replied Jack. "You can find dozens of them through Texas. It is what we call an Indian mound."

"A sort of burying-place, isn't it?" asked Phil.

"Something of that kind, though I guess it ain't known, exactly. Nobody knows just when they were built, or what for. I've asked many a redskin."

"If we could only venture on a fire, now," said Phil, "a bite of roast duck wouldn't taste bad."

"It won't do," said Jack. "I've got two or three crackers left. We must make our dinner on them, and take a smell of duck for a relish."

The canes reached from the swampy soil up on to harder land. To this firm soil they made their way, seating themselves within the very edge of the brake, and proceeding to discuss their scanty dinner.

From where they sat they could see for a considerable distance into the wood, the trees here not being so close as further south.

A keen lookout was kept up for the Indians, but they failed to appear. With the untiring caution of the borderer, the scouts continued in their present position for the next two or three hours, despite the growing impatience of Major Amberly.

Besides the savage whom they had seen ascending the hill, none others were observed. Yet they could see but a portion of its side. It might easily have been ascended from other directions unobserved by them.

"It looks as if they had given up the hunt for us, and were ambushed somewhere, waiting for us to show ourselves," said Jack.

"Or else were afeard of us, and were going to make tracks up stream," said Phil. "That hill is too bushy to make much out, but I thought I saw something moving about there a while ago."

"There may be reason in that," said Jack.

"What shall we do, then?" asked the major, impatiently. "This suspense is horrible."

"We've stirred them up," said Jack. "They must have time to settle."

"And while we are waiting for them to settle, they may fly out of our reach."

"They'll have to fly through the air, then, like a bird, or swim through the water like a fish. If they keep on dry land they won't get out of reach."

"The canes run up to the very edge of the hill," said the younger scout. "It's a narrow line, but I judge it will serve for a cover. It might be well to creep up nearer the hill, and see what is going on."

"Think you can do it without being seen?"

"If you can trust me."

"Go ahead, boy. Leave your rifle here. It will be in your way, and might betray you."

Making his way carefully through the canes to the water's edge, the young scout began a slow and cautious advance up the long line of canes, which was here some three feet wide. But the stems grew so thickly together, as in great measure to conceal him.

The water through which he waded was from six inches to a foot in depth, with a muddy bottom. His progress was, therefore, a toilsome one. The stream wound slightly here, curving round the hill, the base of which it seemed to wash.

He was obliged to keep so hidden, to avoid being seen by his enemies, that he was himself unable to see their lurking place, and was close by the very foot of the hill before he ventured to take another glance at it.

He was so situated as to be plainly visible from the other side of the here narrow river. But he had to take that risk. There was little danger of any of the savages being there.

He had now turned the bend in the river, and could see for some distance up its further course. Fastened to the bank, a short distance above him, were several canoes, the only visible evidence of savage presence.

Through the canoes, directly before him, appeared the sloping side of the mound, a cluster of tall bushes envelop-

ing its foot, and running some distance up its side. Its summit was, of course, invisible.

He looked searchingly up the steep hill, the greater part of whose height was bare of trees or bushes. It was out of the question to ascend it, and his enterprise seemed likely to be of no effect.

He used his ears as acutely as his eyes, and to better purpose. Sounds of voices came faintly to him from the summit of the mound. A rustling of bushes even reached his ears.

This was followed by a more startling indication. Looking over the northern edge of the slope, he saw what seemed, at first sight, a waving plume. It was visible but an instant, but his experienced eye recognized it as the scalp lock of an Indian, adorned with an eagle's feather.

The savage was so far round the slope, that only this part of him was visible, looming over the edge of the cliff.

There were slight sounds, as if others were descending, still farther round the slope. Phil's position was becoming untenable. They might seek their canoes, in which case he would inevitably be seen. Yet he did not like to return without learning more. There was the cluster of bushes inside the brake. That would cover him. This thought was no sooner conceived than [illegible] tion. Parting the long canes with great caution, he drew himself through the opening, and crept slowly under the shelter of the bushes, taking care to agitate them as little as possible.

He had now an excellent hiding-place, though his scope of vision was limited. He could just see, through the close obstructions to vision, the canoes of the Indians.

It was on these, however, that he now wished to keep his gaze. He imagined that the savages were about to make some use of them.

He had not long to wait. The Indian he had seen appeared on the bank beside the canoes. He was a tall, finely formed, stalwart savage, half naked, and his body streaked with disfiguring lines of paint. He stood looking cautiously up and down the stream.

Crouching still lower, the lurking youth watched keenly the motions of the savage. The latter, satisfied that there was none of the dreaded foes within sight, drew the canoes close ashore, and turned his gaze expectantly up the hill.

In a few minutes other forms appeared in sight. Two Indians carrying a rude litter were the first seen. A human form, closely wrapped in blankets, was lifted from it with great care, and placed in one of the boats.

This process was twice repeated. Two Indians, who seemed themselves slightly wounded, now entered each of the canoes. Taking the paddles in hand the boats were pushed from shore, and began a slow progress up stream.

And now a circumstance more interesting to the scout occurred. The figures of the captives appeared on the river side, in company with several more of the Indians. The women were free, but the two men had their hands tightly bound behind them. Close beside them the scout saw the form of the gigantic chief whom he had seen wounded by the bullet of Jack Gray. He bore his wounded arm in a sling.

No time was lost in placing the captives in the two remaining boats and paddling them across the stream. Phil's blood boiled with indignation, as he lay a helpless witness to this movement. If he had brought his rifle he would have been sorely tempted to send a bullet through the head of the Indian who took Laura rudely by the arm to help her into the boat. Even from where he lay he could trace the shuddering motion with which she threw off the grasp of the savage.

The boats immediately returned in charge of one of the Indians, leaving the captives and the remainder of the savages on the other bank of the river.

They now took in the chief and two of the partly wounded warriors, and recrossed. There were now on the other bank the chief and four warriors, all of whom seemed hurt, but not sufficiently so to much disable them. Those wounded in the lower limbs had already passed up the river in the canoes.

These seemed able to walk, their hurts being in the upper part of the body. The canoes again returned. Phil saw them drawn into a small inlet in the bank, and carefully concealed beneath overhanging bushes.

A conversation seemed taking place beyond the river, between the male captives and the chief. It ended in the bonds being removed from their arms. They were now placed in the centre of the line, between armed savages, the two females being placed before them, preceded only by the chief. The wood here extended to the water's edge, and a few steps took them out of sight behind the clustering bushes.

Phil watched these movements with burning anger, not daring to move lest he should be discovered, yet swearing inwardly to follow their trail if it should lead him into the central village of the Cherokee tribe.

The savages left behind on the river bank, turned and commenced a slow return up the hill. They were no sooner out of sight, than Phil crept outward through the cane and retraced his watery path to where he had left his comrades.

CHAPTER XXII.

CROSSING THE ANGELINA.

Major Amberly and the scout waited with some impatience the return of Phil Sawyer. A full hour had passed since he set out, and not the slightest sound had reached their ears. The movements of the Indians were out of their line of vision.

Once or twice Jack Gray's quick senses caught what seemed the sound of paddles, but it was too distant and faint to be sure of. They were in a position to have seen the landing of the captives, but for the thick screen of canes between them and that locality.

"Do you think he has fallen into any danger?" asked the major, uneasily. "He seems a shrewd young fellow, but he cannot have experience of all the wiles of the Indians."

"I don't fear that," said Jack. "He is cautious, and caution is now the one thing necessary. I hope, though, that he is not trying to creep up the mound. That would be too risky."

"It would be hardly consistent with the caution you credit him with."

"Scouts have to stretch caution into danger sometimes. It is very important, you know, to get an idea of the numbers and movements of the enemy, and it might be the safest, in the long run, to risk a little for this purpose. It wouldn't pay, though, to go up that bald hill in this blazing sunlight."

"We can see the hillside from here. There has not been a spot on it."

"It may be more bushy further round," said Jack.

A slight splash in the water interrupted their low conversation. It was followed by a visible movement in the canes, and the appearance of a dark figure moving towards them.

A minute more revealed the form of Phil Sawyer, who carefully parted the long stems, and slowly approached them.

"What luck, Phil?" asked Jack, without waiting for his arrival.

"Good and bad," said Phil, seating himself beside them. "Good in making out the plan of the redskins, and bad in having a long and dangerous tramp before us. They have made tracks, and there's only the trail left for us to follow."

"How was it?" asked Jack. "Let us have the whole story."

Phil stretched his soaked feet to dry in a patch of sunlight that broke through an opening near them, and began a careful recital of what he had seen.

The others listened with absorbed attention.

"Then they are not more than half a mile in the woods on the other side of the river!" cried the major, impulsively. "Why not follow at once? They are guarded by five wounded men. We are certainly more than their match."

"They are guarded by ten sound men just now," replied Jack. "It is a rule of your profession, Major Amberly, not to advance and leave a strong foe in your rear. We would be wild to cross the river under the eyes of the Indians on the mound."

"We can't cross here," said Phil, "without something to cross with. I am going for one of their canoes as soon as it is safe."

"But we are losing with every minute," said the major. "If we wait here till night we will have to wait till morning, and they may have twenty miles the start."

"Not ten," said Jack. "They won't travel fast, and will lose time trying to hide their trail. They know that there are sharp eyes in pursuit."

"Do you think they are really so much afraid of us, and know so much about us?" asked the major. "They have seen nothing, at best, but the mark of a footstep or two in the ground. Are they likely to go to so much pains to escape from a footprint?"

"These men live with their lives in their hands," said Jack. "That footprint is the page of a book which says to them 'White men are on your track, and close behind you.' They know well the meaning of that, and will be as cautious as foxes to escape the danger."

"And we will have to hide here to-night?"

"We can cross the river and follow them; but the chances are that we will not make a mile before there are redskins following us. You can bet high that the fellows on the mound are making sharp use of their eyes this minute."

"It won't do to move a step before night," said Phil. "We can't foul the river well without wetting our powder, and that won't pay. Wait till after dark, and I'll try hard for a canoe."

The major assented with a sort of groan, which showed how much against his will was this decision. His judgment assented to the argument of the scouts, but it was dreadfully galling to lie motionless here, with every minute adding to the distance between his daughter and himself, every minute taking from the chances of rescue.

Arranging themselves as comfortably as possible in their constrained position, they prepared to pass the long, dreary hours of the afternoon, caution forbidding them either to speak or move.

The longest day has its end, and night crept slowly upon the afternoon.

"Have they not given us up in despair and gone south, hours ago?" asked the major. "Why not reconnoitre the hill? As good a woodsman as you can certainly avoid discovery. You may find their southward trail."

"I can't bring my own trail back in my pocket," said Jack. "They have only traced our track to the run below here, and don't know where we have gone from there. If they should discover a fresh trail to-morrow, within this distance of the mound, the chances are they would cross the river and follow us at a venture."

"It looks to me as if, for five hours, we had been trembling at a shadow," said the major.

"Is that a shadow?" asked Phil, pointing through an opening in the canes.

The others looked in the direction of his hand. There, less than two hundred yards distant, stood three Indians, apparently listening with the utmost intentness, as if some sound of the low conversation had reached their ears.

They conversed for a few minutes, their eyes searching every point within their range of vision. They then separated, each taking a different course, and seemingly subjecting the whole locality to a close examination.

"Lucky I didn't take a stroll through the woods," said Jack. "The hounds are doubtful of us yet, and are getting their eyes on every grass-blade. We would have heard the war whoop by this time if I had left a trail for the devils to follow."

The savages quickly disappeared in the depths of the wood, taking a course that led them from, instead of towards, the lurking place of the whites.

"They are at fault," said Phil. "It's queer they don't try the canes."

"I've a notion they'll work round that way before an hour," said Jack.

"And discover our hiding-place?" asked the major.

"They might discover how near death and life keep together," said the scout. "I'm not fond of killing in cold blood, but I'd hurt any redskin that came near now. It is not more than half an hour to sunset. We'd best get nearer the water, and let Phil strike up for the canoe. They won't search two miles of cane, and, by good luck, they can't see through it."

Their movement was made none too soon. It was within a few minutes of sunset when a fierce-looking warrior came slowly along the inside edge of the brake, looking as deeply as possible into it, and examining the edge carefully for the marks of footsteps.

It was evident that he did not appreciate the excessive caution of the scouts, but imagined that if they had taken refuge in the brake they must have left it hours before.

It was rather for a trail leading out of the canes than for present occupation that he sought. He passed the spot where they had so long lain concealed, and continued his search.

If he had failed to see his foes they had likewise failed to see him. The near approach of danger and discovery had passed, the moment fraught with peril to their enterprise was gone, yet they knew not of the danger they had escaped.

Phil Sawyer had already commenced his slow progress up stream, when the savage appeared. The movement of the youthful scout was conducted with excessive caution. Not a sound arose upon the air, not a cane stirred.

He moved more rapidly than the savage, and easily kept in advance of him, though unaware of his presence.

The sun had already set, and a short twilight was throwing its misty veil over all nature, when Phil reached the location of his former concealment.

The Indian had turned up toward the hill, satisfied that the canes did not contain his foes.

An hour longer the others waited, anxious at the delay of their comrade. It had now grown quite dark. The moon would not rise until near nine o'clock. All the illumination they now had was the faint light of the stars.

Their surprise was aided by the appearance of the boats slowly stealing along the outer line of canes. Phil was using his paddle with the utmost caution.

"Get in, quick!" he said. "There is a sort of light on the river; enough to show us. We must drift down this side a half mile or so. Then we can cross in safety, and our trail will not be so easily found."

His two comrades entered the boat, which was allowed to drift on down, within touching distance of the canes. The darkness grew deeper as they advanced. When they, at length, ventured to cross, they were hidden from view by the gloom of the night.

It was with a feeling of joy, and the thought that their enterprise was at length fairly begun, that Major Amberly set foot on the further shore of the river, for which he had so long and anxiously yearned.

With excessive caution the two scouts lifted the canoe from the water, carried it upon their shoulders to a position considerably above the mound, and again launched it. Leaving all encumbrances on the shore, Phil entered and paddled it back, leaving it just as he had found it. He recrossed the river by swimming.

They had settled that the savages should not be aroused to suspicion by the disappearance of their boat.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DIFFERENT WAYS OF MAKING TEA.

The Chinaman puts his tea into a cup, pours hot water upon it, and drinks the infusion off the leaves; he never dreams of spoiling its flavor with sugar or cream. The Japanese triturates the leaves before putting them into the pot. In Morocco they put green tea, a little tansy, and a great deal of sugar, into a teapot and fill up with boiling water. In Bokhara every man carries a small bag of tea about with him, a certain quantity of which he hands over to the booth keeper he patronizes, who concocts the beverage for him. The Bokhariot finds it as difficult to pass a tea booth, as our own dram drinker does to go by a gin place. His breakfast beverage is Schitschaj, that is, tea flavored with milk, cream, or mutton fat, in which bread is soaked. During the daytime, sugarless green tea is drunk with the accompaniment of cakes of flour and mutton suet. It is considered an inexcusable breach of manners to cool the hot cup of tea with the breath; but the difficulty is overcome by supporting the right elbow in the left hand and giving a circular movement to the cup. How long each kind of tea takes to draw, is calculated to the second; and when the tea is emptied, it is passed round among the company for each tea-drinker to take upas many leaves as can be held between the thumb and finger—the leaves being esteemed an especial dainty.

When a Mr. Bell was traveling in Asiatic Russia, he had to claim the hospitality of the Buratsky Arabs. The mistress of the tent, placing a large kettle on the fire, wiped it with a horse's tail, filled it with water, and threw in some coarse tea and a little salt. When this was near boiling-point, she tossed the tea about with a brass ladle until the liquor became very brown, and then it was poured off into another vessel. Cleansing the kettle as before, the woman set it again on the fire, in order to fry a paste of meal and fresh butter. Upon this the tea and some thick cream were then poured, the ladle then put into requisition, and, after a time, the whole taken off the fire and set aside to cool. Half-pint wooden mugs handed round, and the tea ladled into them, a tea forming meat and drink, and satisfying both hunger and thirst. However made, tea is a blessed invention for the weary traveler.

AN IRISH LEGEND.

A writer speaking of the Castle of Howth, near Dublin, says: "The steps to the front door are very grand, extending across the whole front of the building. The wings are covered with ivy. The main entrance used to be left open during the dinner hour, until a very recent date. The origin of the custom is thus related. About three hundred years ago there lived in the west of Ireland, a celebrated female chieftain named Grace O'Malley, or Grana Wile. She owned a vast territory, and had castles to defend it, and ships and men. So renowned was she that Queen Elizabeth invited her to her court, whither she went, accompanied by a large retinue, where she doubtless was feasted in accordance with her rank. On her return she was forced to land on the east coast of Ireland to procure provisions, which had fallen short. It happened that she landed at Howth, and walking up to the castle made known her wants. The servants refused to comply with her wishes at once, telling her she must wait because the family were at dinner. Indignant at such treatment, she returned to the shore to re-embark. There she saw a little boy playing, and asked, 'Whose child is this?' 'It is the son of the lord of the castle,' was the reply. Thereupon she ordered him to be seized and carried on board her vessel, and away she sailed to her home in the west. Here the young prince was kept a prisoner for some time, but finally Grana yielded to the petition of the father and released the boy, on condition that ever after the door of the castle should stand open during dinner, to welcome all comers."

THE BOY ORGANIST.

Mozart's first experience of a large organ was in a monastery of a little town on the Danube. He was then only six years old, and in company with his father had left his home in Salzburg and started on a long course of travel. All day long they had been sailing down that majestic river, past crumbling ruins, frowning castles, cloisters hidden away among the crags, towering cliffs, quiet villages nestled in sunny valleys, and here and there a deep gorge that opened back from the gliding river, its hollow distance blue with fathomless shadow, and like some dim and vast cathedral. The company of monks with whom they had been traveling that day were at supper in the refectory of the cloister, when Father Mozart took Wolfgang into the chapel to see the organ. And now, as the boy gazed with something of awe upon the great instrument looming up in the shadows of the empty church, his face lit up with serene satisfaction, and every motion and attitude of the little figure expressed a wondering reverence. What tones must even now be slumbering in those mighty pipes! Tones which, if once awakened, could give utterance to all that voiceless beauty which the day's scenes had showed him—life and death, present and past; the peaceful river and the deserted ruin; the sunshine unfailing and the unfailing shadow at its side.

"Father," said the boy, "explain to me those pedals at the organ's feet, and let me play."

Well pleased, the father complied. Then Wolfgang pushed aside the stool, and when Father Mozart had filled the great bellows, the elfin organist stood upon the pedals, and trod them as though he had never needed to have their management explained. How the deep tones woke the solemn stillness of the old church! The organ seemed some great, uncouth creature, roaring for very joy at the caresses of the marvellous child. The monks, eating their supper in the refectory, heard the tones, and dropped knife and fork in astonishment. The organist of the brotherhood was among them; but never had he played with such power and freedom. They listened; some grew pale, others crossed themselves; till they all rose up, and hastened into the chapel.

"It is the devil himself," cried the first one of the monks, drawing closer to one of his companions, and giving a scared look over his shoulder into the darkness of the aisle. "It is a miracle!" said another. But when the oldest of their number mounted the stairs to the organ front, he stood petrified with amazement. There stood the tiny figure treading from pedal to pedal, and at the same time clutching the keys above with his little hands, gathering handfuls of those wonderful chords as if they were violets, and flinging them out into the solemn gloom behind him. He heard nothing, saw nothing besides; his eyes beamed like stars, and his whole face lightened with impassioned joy. Louder and fuller rose the harmonies, streaming forth in swelling billows, till at last they seemed to reach a sunny shore, on which they broke; and then a whispering ripple of faintest melody lingered a moment in the air, like the last murmur of a wind harp, and all was still.

HOW A NEW BONNET WAS INVENTED

Whims sometimes become fashions. Here is a case in point: At Mesdames Therese and Mantle's, the most fashionable of Paris milliners, there is a fair-haired young lady, as much like our poetical ideal of Goethe's Marguerite as life can be. Of course it is this young lady who tries on all the bonnets to show them off to visitors; of course, also, every bonnet looks beautiful on that lovely head.

Well, a few days ago, our Marguerite was trying on a charming little bonnet, forming a drooping tip in front and a raised box-plait at the back. Suddenly, in a freak, she turned the bonnet round, the drooping brim then rested on the hair at the back, and the box-plait found itself in the front! "Oh, how pretty!" exclaimed all the other girls. "It's just like a Phrygian cap!" said one. "It's the bonnet de la Republique!" said another.

And quickly an aigrette and feather were placed in front, within the hollow of the box-plait (the aigrette to stand up, and the feather to fall over the back), and the bonnet was completed; and not only completed, but it was sold within the day to a great elegante as the last gem out. And this is how Parisian fashions are sometimes made.

LITTLE CAUSES, LARGE EFFECTS.—Splash went a little stone into a pool, and a bubble and a circle showed where it fell. Then came a circle beyond, fainter but larger. Another came, round that, then another, and another, each fainter and larger, till the last reached the margin of the pool, and moved the rushes. "Something very important must have happened," said the rushes, "by the size of the circle." "No, gentlemen," said a willow that towered above them. "I can see over the pool, and I assure you the first circle from which this, through a succession of others, took its rise, was very small, and had a most insignificant origin; but I have often noticed of little things and their report that the longer they live the larger they grow, till the effect at last bears no proportion to its cause."

WHAT a pity that one forgets one's childish thoughts; their originality would produce such an effect, properly managed! It is curious to observe that by far the most useful part of our knowledge is acquired unconsciously. We remember learning to read and write, but we do not remember how we learn to talk, to distinguish colors, etc. The first thought that a child wilfully conceals is an epoch—one of life's most important—and yet who can recall it?

IF we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of the roar which lies on the other side of silence. As it is, the quickest of us walk about well wadded with stupidity.

THERE are two elements of success in the world, flattery and insolence; some use one mode, some the other, but the most successful use both or either, as the question requires.

METAPHORS are often lamps which light nothing, and show only the nakedness of the walls against which they are hung.

A LOVE ADVENTURE.

Who would ever have supposed the loss of one's curls would be the means of finding a husband? Such, improbable as it may appear, has been the case of M. de V——. At the end of May last, she went with her parents to Dieppe to pass the summer, and, one rainy day, she started with her waiting-maid to visit a friend in a narrow but usually crowded street. It was so narrow, in fact, that the persons passing through it got their umbrellas entangled with each other, and it so happened that a gentleman bunglingly got his fastened in one of Miss de V——'s curls. The young girl did her best to disengage herself, all the while, of course, blushing, frowning, and smiling, while the owner of the umbrella, a handsome young man, seemed to be busily engaged in helping her, but, in reality, he protracted the operation as long as possible, through admiration for the beauty whom good luck and bad weather had thrown in his way. Several minutes were passed in these efforts, when, suddenly, the curls gave way, and, immediately after, they were dangling at the extremity of the umbrella. The young man remained motionless in astonishment, while the poor girl hastened away shocked, vexed, and inwardly vowing never more to wear false hair. In a few hours afterwards she had entirely forgotten the adventure; but the young gentleman whom she had entangled could not so easily chase her from his memory, and he could not rest quiet until he discovered who she was. He one day met the waiting-maid, and bribed her to tell him her name. To his great satisfaction he found that he was acquainted with her father. He immediately called upon this gentleman, and was introduced to the young girl, who blushed deeply, but feigned not to recognize him. He contrived to render himself so agreeable to her parents, that they received him as an intimate visitor of the family. His admiration for Miss de V——, we need not say, soon ripened into ardent love, and as he was not only good-looking, but also intelligent and wealthy, Miss de V—— speedily forgot the *contre-temps* of their first interview, and engaged herself to him, with the approbation of her parents. They are to be married this month.

OUR GOLD PREMIUMS!

TO AGENTS AND CANVASSERS.

In the Circular Letter sent to Agents and Canvassers, as an incentive to and reward for extra exertion, three Premiums in Gold Coin were offered to those furnishing the three largest lists of Subscribers, by the first of February, 1875.

Recently we have received a number of communications urging strongly that the time be extended.

After consideration we have concluded to accede to these requests, coming as they do from some of our most energetic agents. At the same time we have also determined to INCREASE the amounts of the Premiums offered, as follows:

One hundred and twenty-five—$125.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the largest list;

Seventy-five—$75.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the second largest list;

Twenty-five—$25.00—dollars in Gold to the Agent who sends us the third largest list, by the THIRTY-FIRST (31st) DAY OF MARCH, 1875—notice of which will appear in the POST.

Each Agent is credited on our books with the name and number of every subscription received on his or her order.

Additional specimen copies and blanks will be sent to those who desire to procure subscribers.

ADVERTISEMENTS

SKIN DISEASES.

For RED, WHITE, and Matterated PIMPLES, Black-heads, Flesh-worms, ACNE, and SYCOSIS, use Perry's COMEDONE and Pimple Remedy, the GREAT SKIN MEDICINE. It is HARMLESS as water. For MOTH-PATCHES and FRECKLES use PERRY'S MOTH and FRECKLE LOTION. It is perfectly reliable.

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LADIES should beware of the many vile and poisonous liquid compounds which are largely advertised as beautifiers of the complexion, etc. Nothing equals *Madame de Rossa's Antheo*, which is the only preparation fit for a delicate skin. Price, 50 cents. Miller Bros., 118 Maiden Lane, New York.

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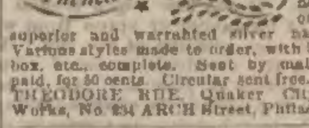

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AGENTS WANTED—Men or Women; $34 a week or $100 forfeited. Valuable samples free. Address F. M. Reed, Eighth st., New York.

Electro Silicon is GUARANTEED to be the BEST ARTICLE KNOWN for Cleaning and Polishing GOLD and SILVERWARE and HOUSEHOLD UTENSILS. Sold by druggists, house-furnishing stores and jewelers. Wholesale by JOHNSON, HOLLOWAY & CO., 602 Arch street, Philadelphia.

The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

We were asked not very long ago to give an opinion concerning the wearing of furs about the throat, and if it were a healthful fashion. Feeling somewhat timid to give as a decided opinion our own experience in the matter, we appealed to higher authority, and for the benefit of all interested give the answer as given to us. Our friend thought that the practice of wearing boas, and even a fur cape that fitted closely about the throat, was decidedly a pernicious one, calculated to weaken that organ and induce cold, sometimes leading to fatal results. Several instances were cited of persons suffering from throat affections having derived permanent benefit from discontinuing the wearing of boas and fur capes. In the severe cold days that often occur during the wiuter months in our latitude it is necessary to comfort to have some wraps about the throat when exposed to the inclemency of the weather. For such purposes we can conscientiously recommend the silk mufflers so fashionable last winter and this. We all know that silk possesses electricity, especially the soft undressed India silk, of which these mufflers are chiefly made. We admire most of all the plain white ones, though there are many with very pretty borders of one stripe of blue, or pink, or scarlet. The many clinging folds enhance the fairness of the white throats about which they softly lie, and are less trying to those to whom nature has denied the lily charm. We have noticed very markedly this winter the almost universal adoption of this fashion. Many of our belles add a small lace scarf with marked effect, tying it in a careless knot.

In one of our promenades down Chestnut street the other day our attention was drawn to so charming a street costumes that we think our fair friends will thank us for describing it. The underskirt was composed of gray twilled debege, trimmed with knife-edge pleatings of camel's-hair serge of a darker gray, crossed at intervals by a narrow scarlet stripe; this latter so fine as to be almost a hair line, and only perceptible through the general effect produced. The overdress was of the serge, piped about the edge with a cording of the gray debege. It was deep and round, looped at each side. The sacque was of the serge, sleeveless and worn over a plain tight underbody of the debege, the sleeves of which were trimmed at the wrist with two narrow pleatings of serge. A round collar, with broken points, finished the neck of this stylish costume. Hat of gray felt; with wide rim, turned up directly in front and trimmed about the edge with a feather ruche of shaded gray. Ostrich plume, in the natural color of gray, mixed with brown, fell over toward the back of the hat. Upright loops of black and gray ribbon at the left side, in the midst of which was placed a tiny humming-bird, daintily perched, as if about to fly. Bands of feather trimming about the edge of hat-rims are very fashionable.

We saw a black velvet hat trimmed with a feather ruching, black-tipped with, or, more correctly described, mingled with white, and with two ostrich plumes, one black, the other white, falling directly across the top of the hat from right to left. At the back were upright loops and long streamers of black gros grain ribbon. The shape of this hat was similar to the one described as accompanying the gray suit.

A very attractive suit of silk and cashmere was made in this wise: Underskirt of black silk, trimmed at the bottom in front with knife-edge pleating; just above, a shirring of three puffs was placed; then a standing ruffle. In the back a deep Spanish flounce, headed with a standing ruffle, and put on in box plaits. Down each side, where the front trimming meet the back, were placed a puff and knife-edge pleating. The back breadths were put on the waistband in the double box pleat so fashionable. The overdress was of black cashmere, trimmed with yak lace and jet; the shape a round apron front, with a wide sash end laid in folds and caught up in a bouffante at the back. The basque was plain and tight, piped about the edge with a cording of silk. The tabs at the back were square, turned up at the bottom, and fastened in the middle of the flap by a double bow of faille ribbon. On each side-flap or tab were small square pockets, ornamented in the centre with a bow of faille ribbon. Similar bows adorned the square cuffs on the sleeves. A pleated upright collar, ending in small revers upon the breast, completed this costume. The basque, we omitted to say, was buttoned entirely down the front, not merely, as has been the style, ending at the belt.

A toilette for the house was of gray silk and a wide-plaited woolen stuff in shades of blue, from pale azure to mazarine. The underskirt was of gray silk, with a deep flounce of the plaid, trimmed about the buttons with a bias of the gray silk. The overdress was of the plaid in front, trimmed longitudinally with two bias pieces of the silk, pointed at the bottom. It was also edged around the slope of the tablier or apron front with a knife-edge pleating of the silk. The rest of the overdress consisted of two wide widths of gray silk, and a back width of the plaid; the sides looped high, and the back hanging in a graceful drapery. The sleeves were of the silk, trimmed with two bias ruffles of the plaid, one turned towards the elbow, the other falling over the hand, divided by a band of silk.

The sleeveless jacket of plaid was trimmed with bands of silk to similate a vest. A high collar, ending in revers caught upon the breast by a double bow of gray faille, finished the neck. The side pieces of the basque extended low down upon the hips, and had square pockets of gray silk. A bow of blue and gray loops of faille ribbon was placed high upon the left side of the head, among the braids.

A pretty costume for a little girl, consisted of a plain skirt of German velvet, that is, with a linen warp and silk filling, black, and laid in wide kilt plaits. An overdress of dove-colored cashmere, plain and round, looped high at the sides with double bows of black velvet. Edged about the bottom with a trimming of cony fur, gray in color. Plain, half tight fitting basque, edged with similar fur. Black velvet Normandy bonnet, trimmed with fur, and coquettish little muff of velvet, braided with fur, made up as dainty a small toilette as one could desire.

We must not omit to mention the ties of plain black tulle, edged with narrow black blonde or thread, and dotted here and there with tiny bows of some bright ribbon; under these are worn plain ties of twilled India silk, of a color to correspond with the little bows that adorn the outside.

Very handsome neckties of white silk brocaded with clusters of flowers in white satin, and edged with a very deep, soft fringe, are deservedly popular from their elegance.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MRS. BLANCHE COLSTON, Parkerville, Kansas.—Answered your letter satisfactorily we trust, on December 23d.

LILY P. R.—If your face is "round and rosy," the sailor shape, worn well back upon the head, will be most suitable for you. Gray or dark blue felt, or black velvet are very pretty and suitable.

ANNETTE.—Berlin wool is dearer than Germantown wool. It is finer and softer in quality. We can get any shade you desire. Better send your embroidery pattern by mail and let us match the colors you need.

MINNIE R.—Received your very kind letter, which we certainly appreciate very highly. We are delighted to hear you praise our POST so warmly, yes, we do think it all that its admirers claim for it. We advise you to get the blue silk instead of green. Blue can be worn very appropriately upon the street, and combines happily with brown, drab, different shades of gray and also black. Green unless very dark, is *pronounce* for the promenade, besides being a color trying to the complexion. NIXON.

JAPANESE FANS.

For the manufacture of the common, flat, gaudy fans now sent in such great numbers to the United States, a soft kind of scrub bamboo is selected, cut into lengths, split into from sixteen to thirty or even sixty tiny splints, and then easily flattened out, ready to receive the paper, which is already printed and cut into the required shape. To make the picture-paper, the design is first drawn by the artist on thin paper. This is pasted on a slab of wood and engraved, and the pictures printed off by laying the paper on the block and pressing it smooth. They have printed for centuries in Japan without presses. The colors are put on by means of sometimes as many as twenty different blocks. The pictured papers are then pasted over the frames. Sometimes musk or other perfume is laid between the sheets. The pictures on Japanese fans sent to America usually represent native scenery, life, and costumes. People outside of Japan think them, in most cases, caricature or grotesque exaggeration. On the contrary, though a certain mannerism pervades them, they are wonderfully true to fact. One must be in the Land of the Gods itself (Japan) to realize how very correct, even to minute particulars, they are. Of course, in Japan as elsewhere, dead "old masters" still sway the sceptre over the living artist, and guide his pencil into lines never found in nature; but, in general, the almost microscopic accuracy of detail and truth of scene are acknowledged by all who study Japanese life, character, and scenery. A favorite subject on these fans is the *geisha*, or singing-girl, and her still more frail sister, who, in Japan, strange to say, stays in her own place, and never appears in public to ply her trade, and is always known by her resplendent apparel, with her girdle tied in front, and her glory of shame, a multitude of tortoise-shell hair-pins, stuck in her hair.

The faces of men, with ultra-oblique eyes and blue scalps—representing shaven skin where hair ought to grow—are actors, and the expressions of their countenances are scarcely exaggerated. Japanese warriors, mediæval heroes, and numerous events in the life of these men, in which the sword plays a prominent part, are also favorite subjects for the pencil of the native fan artists. Famous scenery is also gloriously depicted, and temples, dwellings, and all classes and conditions of Japanese people are represented. Poems, quotations, etc., are sometimes seen on the fans, but usually the mixed Chinese and Japanese writing seen towards the edge of the fan is the name of the drawing-master, and a note or two of the description of the picture.

RELICS OF FEUDALISM IN ENGLAND.

On the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim, each year, a gentleman may be seen getting off the train at Windsor, and carrying a white flag up to the castle, depositing it into the hands of some court official with great solemnity and ceremony. On the anniversary of Waterloo, another gentleman proceeds to the same place, also with a flag, though this time the bunting is a tricolor. On a certain day in every October, should you happen to be in the office of Her Majesty's "Remembrancer," in London, you would see three very dignified gentlemen, with heavy watch-seals and side-whiskers, diligently engaged in splitting fagots of wood, and counting some horseshoes and hobnails. Blenheim was given to the great Duke of Marlborough, and Strathfieldsaye to the greater Duke of Wellington, on condition that the ceromony detailed above should be performed annually forever. The city of London holds possessions in the shire of Salop so long as certain officials make wood-choppers and nail-reckoners of themselves once every year. What would occur if these flags did not arrive at Windsor, or those nails were not counted, is as mysterious as the consequences of "naming a member" in the House of Commons. It may at least be taken for granted that some worthy old Tories would be heard to deplore the fact that England was "going to the dogs." Nobody—except, perhaps, Bradlaugh and a few others of his sort—thinks of abolishing these absurd though not unpicturesque performances. Even Temple Bar is allowed to totter on its feeble foundation, though it threatens to fall on the heads of passers-by any hour of the day; and here seems to be the limit passed between a harmless keeping alive of quaint old customs and the dangerous preservation of what is old simply on account of its age.

THE great designs that have been digested and matured, and the great literary works that have been begun and finished in prisons, prove that tyrants have not yet discovered any chains that can fetter the mind.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

BY M. A. K.

Oh, tell me, maiden fair, said I,
Wherefore that tear within your eye?
Wherefore that sad and long-drawn sigh
Of vain regret?
Tell me your woes, I now beseech,
What long you for beyond your reach?
While tears bedewed her cheek of peach,
She answered—
"Jet!"

I took her lily hand in mine,
The while her lustrous eyes did shine,
And tried to read love's tender sign
In simplest deeds!
What, Maude, would make your life complete?
(Her gaze was fixed across the street)
What would you have, my love, my sweet?
She answered—
"Beads!"

A girlish fancy! I would wait—
While standing at the garden gate
Again I sought to learn my fate
By soft appeal!
I'll swear, said I, by sun or moon,
To love you ever! wed me soon!
Your heart resembles what? fair June;
She murmured—
"Steel!"

What do I lack, oh, Maud? I cried—
I who so gladly would have died,
That joy might in your heart abide
And make it sunny!
Say, is my pleading all in vain—
What have I not that I might gain—
What do I lack? Oh! make it plain!
She whispered—
"Money!"

THE BATTLE FOUGHT AND WON.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

John Tressylian stood on the rocks and looked off seaward with a shadow on his face, and, I think, a deeper shadow on his heart. The wind blew in landward, fresh and cool, but it could not quiet the fever that tortured him. He saw the water rippling into silver lights in the soft sunshine of the summer day, and far-off the white sails of some fishing boats, but he scarcely knew that they were there. He was thinking too busily to take note of what was going on about him.

"I was mad when I married her, I think!" he cried, at last, as if the wild, bitter thoughts that were seething in his breast must find vent in words. "Mad, and blind! I, a man with gray hairs, and she but little more than a child! But I loved her, and I love her still!"

He strode up and down the rocky path and thought it all over again. For days he had done nothing but think of it. Over and over again it kept surging through his brain, and he thought sometimes it would make him mad.

There was a flutter of scarlet on the sands below, and the sound of voices came floating up to him. He clenched his hands in a fierce, passionate way, as if he fancied he had the man who was making shipwreck of two lives in his grasp. He knew well enough, without looking, who it was that was coming across the sands. He had recognized Brett Vander's light, triumphant laugh the moment he heard it. It stung him like an adder.

"Only a month ago we were so happy! Only a month ago I thought her the truest woman in the world—and now!"

He turned his back upon the sea, and walked away from the sight and sound of the man and woman on the beach. But not so easily could he get away from the thought of them.

A month before Brett Vander had come to the Cliffs; Tressylian had met him often, and, knowing that he had been acquainted with his wife, he had asked him to come down and stay with them awhile, and make one of the pleasant party gathered there. Vander had accepted the invitation very eagerly. Tressylian wondered why he should be so anxious to come, at the time, for none of those who were at the Cliffs knew Vander, except his wife and himself. But now he understood it all.

Tressylian found out, after Vander came, that he had a motive for coming. He had been an old lover of Cecil's. He had expected to marry her, but her father had interfered, and broken up the match. Piqued and indignant at his failure, he had determined to have some sort of revenge, and he was not very scrupulous as to what it was. When he came to the Cliffs his plans were vague enough, but fate helped him, and he went to work. He found that he had an influence over Cecil, and he exerted it to the utmost. Tressylian was a middle-aged, thoughtful, studious man, who was busy much of his time over his books and work. Left to herself, Cecil was glad to be amused, and Vander took care that she was not out of his sight much.

It was the old story, so often repeated—the serpent in the Eden.

From the first Tressylian disliked Vander. He found that he had made a great mistake in inviting him there. There was something about the man which made him feel that he was his enemy.

I cannot tell when Tressylian began to see what Vander was doing, nor whether it was by any word or act of Cecil's that he discovered it. But, by-and-by he found out that this man whom he had invited to share his hospitality, was a viper who would sting him if he could. The knowledge affected him in a different way from what it would most men. It made him silent and cold, and he never once thought of telling the wretch who had betrayed his confidence that he must cross his threshold forever. He had lived alone so long, and been so used to sharing his troubles with no one, that he had no confidences for any one. Not even to Cecil did he speak of it. It grieved him so to think that she, whom he had trusted, could so far forget herself and her promise, that he kept away from her, and left her more than ever to the wiles of the tempter.

Here was his mistake. When he saw the fatal influence Vander was exerting over her, he should have talked with her about it, and showed her where her feet were tending. Between man and wife there should be perfect confidence. But he shrunk back into his old reserve, feeling, in some vague way, that the matter lay beyond him, and that, if her own heart did not prompt her to do right, his words would be of no avail.

"I wonder what the end of it will be!" he cried, as he strode across the rocky cliff. "Ruin, worse than ruin, I think! Oh, Cecil, I loved you, and I trusted you, and this is what you give me in return!"

* * * * *

The days went by, and the gulf between man and wife grew wider every day.

Brett Vander had calculated well. He had judged that Tressylian would stand aloof when he saw that Cecil was forgetting the dignity of wifehood. Smarting with a keen sense of wrong, he would never plead for that which her own heart should prompt her to give the man she had promised to love, and honor, and obey, her truth and faithfulness.

And so Brett Vander had it pretty much his own way.

One evening, Tressylian was sitting at his window. It was a night to dream in, with moonlight flooding the world with a glory of silver. The wind from the sea was soft and warm, as if it blew from tropic lands. The low and mighty murmur of the waves was like the far, heard sound of an organ's diapason.

As Tressylian sat there thinking over the bitterness of life, and beginning to understand what some of the losses worse than death are, he heard the sound of voices in the garden, and a man and a woman came across the lawn.

"My God, Cecil!" the wretched listener cried, in a wild, bitter recklessness, "I wish you were lying dead in your coffin this very moment! It would be infinitely better for you, than to live and go on to what is before you!"

But the woman whose name he spoke did not hear him. She was listening to different words, from a tongue that knew how to say bad and sinful things in a pleasant way.

"You can see well enough that he is growing tired of you," Brett Vander was saying to the woman at his side. "He evidently regrets that he married you, and on that account he shuts himself up and keeps you away from him. He would never neglect the woman he loved in this way. No man ever does. You know that. Your own heart tells you that he is treating you cruelly. I can see that by your face. And since he is growing tired of you—since he shows how glad he would be to get rid of you, is it wrong for you to turn for sympathy to some one who does care for you? You know better Cecil."

John Tressylian heard the murmur of the tempter's voice, but could not catch his words. He only knew that the woman he had loved better than any other woman in the world, was drifting away from him.

That night when Cecil left Brett Vander, it was with a terrible danger before her, and that danger nothing but her own efforts under God could avert. He had urged her to leave her husband. At midnight he would be waiting for her on the beach. By morning they would be far away.

She had never thought of this, and the proposal came like the unexpected lightning-flash which stuns and confuses a person for a time. She had ran away from him to think.

"I shall be waiting for you at midnight on the beach!" he cried; "and you will come, I am sure."

She shut herself in her room, and sank down with her breath coming and going in quick gasps. It had all been so sudden that she had not fairly realized what his words meant. Now she was alone and she went over it all slowly, in a half bewildered way. She began at the beginning. She remembered how Vander had told her that he thought Tressylian utterly unsuited to her, and that he believed he was getting tired of her. That was the beginning of it all. She had fancied, after that, that Vander's words were true, as her husband withdrew more and more into his reserved and silent ways, and his avoidance of her had wounded her. Vander was kind and thoughtful of her pleasure, and she turned to him for friendship. Gradually the breach between her and her husband had widened, and—it had come to this!

She shivered and clasped her hands in a wild gesture of pain when she came to face the question squarely. What was before her?

On one hand, a wife's duty; the duty of an unloved wife, it might be, but a duty nevertheless. She had promised to love, and honor, and obey. If he had ceased to love her did that make her promise null and void?

And on the other hand—what?

There could be but one answer. She shut her eyes to keep out the sight, but over everything seemed written in letters of fire that burned themselves into her brain—*Dishonor!*

It was a bitter, desperate fight. Could she stay there and drag out such a life of misery with the man whose name she bore, but whose love she has no claim to? How her heart ached for love just then. She had never thought how dear it was until it was lost. But there was Brett Vander's love! He was waiting for her. He would love her. The tempter of human souls held up the picture in glowing colors, and more than once she wavered.

So she fought out the battle alone. And when one fights against himself and wins, the victory is tenfold greater than any victory won when friends give their aid.

The clock struck twelve. Brett Vander was waiting for her. Should she go?

"God help me," she cried. "I'll be true to my husband if he does not love me," and then she rose up, white and weak, and groped her way blindly to her husband's room.

"John," she cried, pulling at the knob with hands that quivered like aspen leaves. "May I come in?"

He opened the door, and let her in. Her white face frightened him.

"What is it, Cecil?" he cried, springing to her side, for she was faint and dizzy.

"Ah, John!" she said, in a weak, pitiful way, "I've been fighting against sin, and I've conquered. Love me a little, won't you;" and then she sank down at his feet and sobbed out the whole story of her sorrow and temptation.

"And you thought I didn't love you any more?" he said, softly, with tears in his eyes. "Ah, Cecil, I have always loved you," and then he caught her to his breast and kissed her. "We have misunderstood each other, darling, but we will begin anew, and there shall be perfect trust between us."

* * * * * *

Brett Vander waited for hours on the beach, but the woman whose life was in danger of shipwreck had seen the danger at last, and sought a safe harbor.

There is a verse that Cecil sings often, and if you were to hear her you would know that her heart was speaking in her voice. And this is it:

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

THE ancient Greeks were so much afraid of lightning that they worshipped it. They endeavored to avert its malignant influence, by hissing and whistling at it. In places which had suffered by it altars were erected, and oblations made to avert the anger of the gods; after which no one dared to touch or approach them.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to H. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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TERMS for 1875, POSTAGE PREPAID TO ANY ADDRESS: SINGLE SUBSCRIBERS, one copy, four months, $1.00; six months, $1.50; one year, $3.00. CLUBS—*Four* copies, one year, postpaid, for $10.00, which is $2.50 per copy. *Eight* copies, one year for $20.00, and an additional copy FREE to any one remitting that amount at one time. Additions may be made to Clubs at same rates, viz: $2.50 each.

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Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

PURCHASING BUREAU.

In consequence of frequent applications from numerous correspondents living at a distance, for the purchase of books, jewelry and many other articles, the above department has been established. It is in charge of a thoroughly competent and responsible person, who will hereafter execute commissions for the purchase of goods of every description. The FASHION EMPRESS will give special attention to articles for Ladies' toilet. All orders must be accompanied by the money to be expended, with instructions as to kind, quality and quantity of goods desired. Packages forwarded by mail or express to any part of the country.

*** BY AN ACT OF CONGRESS passed June 23, 1874, the mailing of articles of merchandise, in packages not exceeding *four pounds* in weight, on payment of postage at the rate of one cent for each two ounces is permitted. The former law limited the weight to one pound. The new law, therefore, will prove of great accommodation to the public, enabling people at a distance to send orders to the large cities for innumerable articles, such as dry goods, clothing, books, jewelry, seeds, bulbs, photographs, tools, stationery, teas, engravings, etc., etc., and to have the articles sent by mail at much less than express rates.

CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

M. H. I. (Fairfield.)—The publication to which you refer is no longer published. Your complaint is not the first one that has reached us.

NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.—The prevalent superstition that to spill salt is unlucky, arises from the well-known legend that Judas, the betrayer, spilled the salt at the "Last Supper."

A. S. O.—We see no impropriety in your proposing to your cousin under the circumstances, if you have a certain prospect of possessing means sufficient to keep her. The disparity of age is of itself a very trifling affair.

L. D.—It is very difficult to advise you, especially as you seem so thoroughly in love with the young man. Perhaps, through his sisters, you may be able to be more in his company. Then if he has a decided preference for you, you will soon perceive it. But you are both very young yet. Time may change both of you. Meanwhile, do not give way to despair, but hope on.

COUNTRY COUSIN.—Groomsmen are occasionally even yet heard of in weddings in the country, but by the etiquette of city weddings, in what are called good society, they are altogether exploded. The bridesmaids follow the bride two and two, and when arrived at the chancel, they arrange themselves behind the bride, the chief bridesmaid taking charge of the gloves, handkerchief and bouquet.

MARY.—Never mind what people say; act as your own judgment teaches you. To be always receiving presents, and to be backward in reciprocating them, certainly has a selfish appearance, which we are not surprised at your wishing to avoid. Presents are pledges of affection, like babies, but (the first, not the last) should be mutual on both sides; though in the case of the lady, they need not be so expensive.

E. M. G. (Philadelphia.)—The origin of the epithet "blue" which is sometimes bestowed upon Presbyterians, is accounted for as follows: The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and broad blue bonnet. The Episcopalian clergy, on the other hand, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else were a black gown. From this arose the contrasting epithets of "Black Prelacy" and "True Blue Presbyterianism."

F. A. Y.—After having advertised it, and taken other measures to discover the owner of the money you found, you could not be criminally punished for applying the same to your own purposes; but if the owner thereof should eventually happen to be found, he would have a right, notwithstanding the fact of your having advertised, to recover the amount from you. The mere fact of finding it not giving you any property therein as against the true owner.

OMAR.—The very fact of your begging of us "when we reply, not to put your questions in the paper," is a proof that you feel how very silly they are, and that it was not necessary for you to ask them at all. You surely know well enough, without our telling you, your own intuitive sense of what is required of a modest young girl will tell you that to do either of the two things, regarding the propriety or impropriety of which you ask us, would be extremely improper, indelicate and unlady-like.

KANE.—"What were the names of the vessels on which Sir John Franklin sailed on his last and fatal expedition, and has there been anything certain ever discovered as to when he died?" The ships were named "Erebus" and "Terror." The various expeditions that have been since dispatched in search of the famous "Northern Passage," have recovered remains and relics of Sir John Franklin's Expedition, and among these, one record—found some years ago—shows that the two ships were abandoned on April 22d, 1848, on the northwest coast of King William's Island, and that Sir John Franklin himself had died in the preceding year.

M. D. B.—We cannot give you a dissertation on the subject of punctuation, which is what you need to answer all your queries; but we can answer one or two of your questions. Parenthetical expressions should always be set off with a comma on each side, whether they occur in simple or compound sentences, or after a conjunction. Take, for instance, the following sentence: "Napoleon, unquestionably, was a great general, and, without doubt, a man of genius: but, as is well known, his unbounded ambition and love of power accomplished his ruin." But when the parenthetical words *too, also* and *therefore* are introduced so as not to break the harmonious flow of the sentence, it is not necessary to set them off with commas. As for instance: "Mary went to school too." "Experience is also a great teacher." "I saw it with my own eyes, and therefore know it to be so."

BREWER.—"When was Bass' brewery begun, in England; and can you give me some idea of the extent of the business as it is at present. I have seen some account of it, but can hardly believe them to be correct, the amount being so enormous." The great trade was begun about the year 1783, by Mr. William Bass, since which time his successors have gone on and on enlarging their premises, and the present members for Derby and East Staffordshire are Mr. Michael Bass and his son. Twenty-six steam engines are daily employed at Burton. The barrels of beer are taken away by six locomotive engines on to the main lines of railway communication, and there are from eighty to a hundred cart horses to do the local traffic. In a single half year, about 60,000 railway trucks are used, or sometimes as many as 370 in a day. As to casks, we would be incredulous, if we had not been assured as to the accuracy of the figures. We cannot pretend to define the exact dimensions of each, but here are a few figures: 40,443 butts, 168,911 hogsheads, 122,912 barrels, 255,127 kilderkins—in all, 580,893 casks. An ingenious calculation. But these figures require to be supplemented by others. Take, for instance, carriage. In the year ending at midsummer last, Messrs. Bass had paid £168,529 for railway transit. To produce the beer thus sent from Burton, 250,000 quarters of malt were consumed, and 34,000 cwt. of hops. It takes 40,000 tons of coal in a year to supply fuel for this gigantic establishment, while the government receives for malt-tax and license duty £285,000. We should, like you, have found it difficult to believe these figures were they not vouched for by official returns.

MAUDE MANNING.—"The best way to catch a husband" is somewhat similar to what they advise to catch birds, only instead of salt you must use honey. It has caught hundreds of thousands of husbands, and will catch hundreds of thousands more, if proper care is taken to use the article, free from any adulteration with a certain drug called flirtation.

C. S.—The flint-lock musket was invented in the beginning of the seventeenth century. The improvement over the old match-lock was suggested by a peculiar firearm, called the snaphaunce, from its being invented and used by a set of Dutch marauders, called *Snaphans*, or poultry stealers. The light of the match betrayed them, and they could not afford to purchase the expensive wheel-lock. They therefore substituted the flint for the match, and an upright furrowed piece of steel in lieu of the wheel. The cover of the pan being pushed back, the piece of steel was brought to stand over it, and the spark was elicited. In the Tower of London are preserved specimens of every variety of firearms, from their earliest introduction.

P. D. W.—"In the commencement of my Atlas there is a map entitled 'The World, on Mercator's projection.' What does that mean? Who or what was Mercator?" In the sixteenth century, in consequence of the successes of Columbus, numerous expeditions and voyages of discovery were undertaken, but great inconvenience was experienced by reason of the defective charts. The circles of longitude laid down as meeting at the pole—were unsuited for the simple method of plain sailing then in use, and the early pilots drew our charts on which the lines of longitude and of latitude were represented as at right angles to each other. Charts of this kind were necessarily incorrect, as they disregarded the approximation of the lines of longitude. The error was the source of great annoyance to sailors, and the difficulty was overcome by the wonderful ingenuity of Gerardus Mercator, who made the distance corresponding to the interval between the circles of longitude the same for every latitude, and compensated for the exaggeration by lengthening the distances between the parallels of latitude. The discoverer of this ingenious method was the son of a certain Kremer, a poor cobbler, who was born at Rupelmonde, nine miles southwest of Antwerp, on March 5th, 1512, and, while a student at the University of Louvain, according to the custom of the day, Latinized his name into Mercator, "merchant." This map was published in 1569, and was not used except by the German navigators. Thirty years afterwards, an English hydrographer (Wright) published in London, under his own name, a map copied from Mercator's projection, but entitled "Correction of Errors in Navigation." Mercator was patronised by the Emperor Charles V, and was appointed cosmographer to the Duke of Juliers and Cleves. He died in 1594, having published maps and descriptions of France, Germany, Great Britain and Palestine.

RIGHT BOWER.—The origin of playing cards is of so ancient a date that no one has been able to discover exactly how long it is; we know that they have been found in nearly every country, differing from each other in the figures, and number in the pack, but all bearing a general relation to each other. In Hindoostan, cards have been in use for hundreds of years; and there is a pack of cards in the British Museum given by a Brahmin in 1815 to a sea captain, and said to be one thousand years old. In China, cards were used as long ago as 1120 A. D. Chinese cards are oblong, whereas in Hindoostan they are round. Some historians say that cards were invented in France in the time of King Charles VI, in order to turn his mind from the melancholy mood into which it had fallen; but others say that cards were known in France long before. Card-making became quite a business in Germany; the suits then were hearts, bells, acorns, and leaves; there was no queen, a knight filling her place. In the year 1430, gambling by cards was so extensive that St. Bernardin preached a sermon against it, and so eloquent was he that all who heard him brought their cards and burnt them in a public square. The four suits that we are most familiar with—diamonds, hearts, spades, and clubs—were derived from the French. Many years ago the French named the four kings, David, Alexander, Cæsar, and Charlemagne. At the time of the French Revolution the kings were left off, and Moliere, La Fontaine, Voltaire, and Rousseau filled their places; and the four queens were exchanged for figures of Prudence, Temperance, Fortitude, and Justice. In America, many years ago, a pack of cards was issued in New York without kings and queens. Washington was the President of Hearts, John Adams of Diamonds, Franklin of Clubs, and Lafayette of Spades. For queens they had Venus, Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva; the knaves were represented by Indian chiefs.

N. Y. J.—"In a copy of the *Public Ledger* of this city we noticed an advertisement of 'A caul for sale.' What is a caul, and what is it useful for?" A caul is a natural head-dress with which some children are born, composed of thin, delicate membrane from the ruptured amnion, and derives its name from its resemblance to the nets or small caps for covering the hair, which are still known to some persons as cauls. From the very earliest ages, down to even the present day, it seems the most extraordinary superstitions have been connected with it, though we confess we were not a little surprised to notice the advertisement you allude to, as we thought that the enlightenment of the present age had completely dissipated these old-time superstitions. From remote antiquity it has been considered a happy thing to be born with a caul, and in France the proverbial expression, *Il est né coiffé*, is equivalent to the English saying, "He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth." The opinion has always prevailed, that it is important for the owner of a caul to preserve it and carry it with him; and that good luck will attend wherever it goes, and whoever becomes the possessor. Hence there has always been a trade in cauls, and the good fortune of the child is not unfrequently realized at once, and transferred to the pockets of the nurse. In the days of the Roman Emperor, when law was even more uncertain than now, cauls were considered of great value in influencing the decision of the courts; and lawyers were among the principal purchasers, at enormous prices, for the purpose of making them eloquent. One counsel, thus fortified, felt himself competent to secure the causes of any number of clients. In later times, and even at the present day, a caul is held by seamen to be an infallible preservative against drowning; and a captain of a ship, with one in his pocket, is not only exempt from being drowned himself, but secures the safety of his ship and all on board.

CENTENNIAL.—"I am anxious to know all about our beautiful American flag, how and by whom it was originated, and at what period. Any information you can give me will be very highly prized." The American Congress, on the 14th of June, 1777, "Resolved that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternately red and white; that the Union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation." As to the origin of the combination, and who first suggested the idea, some have supposed that it might have been derived from the arms of General Washington, which contain three stars in the upper portion, and three bars running across the escutcheon. There is no means of knowing at this day whether or no this conjecture is correct, but the coincidence is rather striking. There were several flags used before the striped flag by the Americans. In March, 1775, "a union flag with a red field" was hoisted at New York upon the liberty-pole, bearing the inscription "George Rex and the liberties of America," and upon the reverse, "No Popery." On the 18th of July 1778, General Putnam raised, at Prospect Hill, a flag bearing on one side the Massachusetts motto, "*Qui transtulit sustinet*," on the other "An appeal to Heaven." In October of the same year the floating batteries at Boston had a flag with the latter motto, the field white with a pine-tree upon it. This was the Massachusetts emblem. Another flag, used during 1775 in some of the colonies, had upon it a rattlesnake coiled as if about to strike, with the motto "Don't tread on me." The grand union flag of thirteen stripes was raised on the heights near Boston, January 2d, 1776. Letters from there say that the regulars in Boston did not understand it; and as the king's speech had just been sent to the Americans, they thought the new flag was a token of submission. The British Annual Register of 1776 says: "They burnt the king's speech, and changed their colors from a plain red ground, which they had hitherto used, to a flag with thirteen stripes, as a symbol of the number and union of the colonies." A letter from Boston about the same time, published in the Pennsylvania *Gazette*, for January, 1776, says: "The grand union flag was raised on the 2d, in compliment to the United Colonies." The idea of making each stripe for a State was adopted from the first; and the fact goes far to negative the supposition that the private arms of General Washington had anything to do with the subject. The pine-tree, rattlesnake, and striped flag were used indiscriminately until July, 1777, when the blue union with the stars was added to the stripes, and the flag established by law. Formerly a new stripe was added for each new State admitted to the Union, until the flag became too large, when by act of Congress the stripes were reduced to the old thirteen; and now a star is added to the union at the accession of each new State.

MISCELLANEOUS.—C. A. P.—Our large and increasing circulation does not permit us to reply to correspondents in less than two and sometimes three weeks from date of receiving the letter. ANNIE.—We see no impropriety in the fact of your giving your lover your portrait under the circumstances. F. J. C.—For warts use lunar caustic. 2. For the eruption on your face, consult a doctor. E. M. A.—We are sorry we can tell you nothing regarding the individuals of whom you inquire. We know nothing of them.

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*